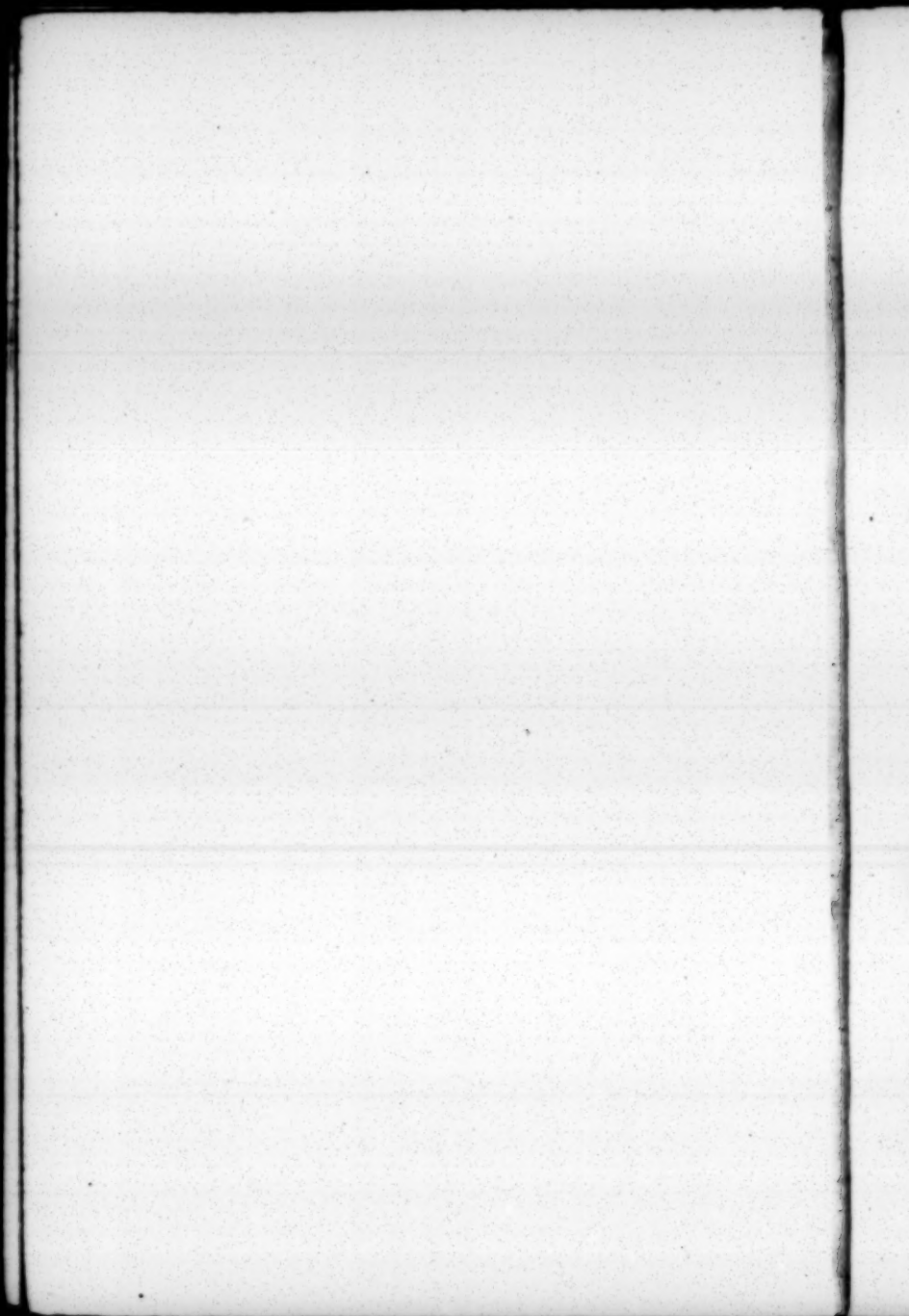


THE  
 (SAY SARK)  
 or the  
 Lady's and Gentleman's  
 Harmonious Companion;  
 Being a  
 Select and polite Collection  
 of  
 The most Favourite  
 SCOTCH and ENGLISH  
 (SONGS.)



EDINBURGH  
 Printed for A. Brown, North Bridge Street.  
 M'Innes sculp.





A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
CHOICE SONGS.

---

S O N G.

*The Sky Lark.—By Mr Shenstone.*

**G**O, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,  
To Daphne's window speed thy way;  
And there on quivering pinions rise,  
And there thy *vocal* art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy matin song,  
Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
The bird from *Indian* groves may shine;  
And ask the lovely partial maid,  
What are his notes compar'd to thine.

A

Then bid her treat you, witless beau,  
 And all your flaunting race, with scorn;  
 And lend an ear to Damon's wo,  
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

*I lo'e nae a Laddie.*

I Lo'e nae a laddie but ane,  
 He loe's nae a lassie but me;  
 He's willin' to mak' me his ain,  
 An' his ain I'm willing to be:  
 He coft me a rokely o' blue,  
 A pair of mittens o' green:  
 An' his price was a kifs o' my mou';  
 An' I paid him the debt yestreen.

My mither's ay makin' a phrase,  
 "That I'm lucky young to be wed;"  
 But lang 'ere she countit my days,  
 O me she was brought to bed:  
 Sae mither, just settle your tongue,  
 An dinna be flitin' fae bauld;  
 For we can do the thing whan we're young  
 What we canna do weel whan we're auld.

*Friend and Pitcher.*

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,  
 Will still desire to grow richer;  
 Give me but these, I ask no more,  
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

Chorus,

My friend so rare, my girl so fair.  
With such, what mortal can be richer ;  
Give me but these, a fig for care,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,  
To toil a hedger or a ditcher  
If that, when I come home at eve,  
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher,  
My friend so rare, &c,

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,  
I know not what can thus bewitch her ;  
With all my heart can I be poor,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher,  
My friend so rare, &c.

*Push about the Jorum.*

**T**WO Brothers to the tavern went,  
And sent some friends before 'em ;  
The hurly-burly did begin,  
Ends in a variorum,

They fought and started all around,  
As did their friends before them,  
And I stood dancing at their back,  
And push'd about the jorum.

Chorus.

When you unto the tavern go,  
For love of variorum,

And hurly-burlies do begin,  
Then push about the jorum.

Now merry lads where-e'er you be  
And like the variorum,  
Be sure to keep good company,  
And push about the jorum.

I've been east, and north, and south,  
Without a variorum,  
But in the west they bicker fast,  
And ram about the jorum.

I have been all the country round,  
I never was blew-borum ;  
But always made my merriment,  
And ram'd about the jorum.  
When you unto the tavern go, &c.

# S O N G.

**A** Rose-tree full in bearing,  
Had sweet flowers fair to see ;  
One rose beyond comparing,  
For beauty attracted me.  
Tho' eager then to win it,  
Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,  
I find a canker in it,  
And now throw it far away.  
How fine this morning early,  
All sun-shiny, clear, and bright ?

So late I lov'd you dearly,  
 Tho' lost now each fond delight.  
 The clouds seem big with showers,  
 Sunny beams no more are seen ;  
 Farewell, ye fleeting hours,  
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.  
 How fine, &c.

*The Bagrie O't.*

**W**HEN I think on this warld's pelf,  
 And how little I hae o't to myself ;  
 I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,  
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,  
 But now he has got goud and gear enough ;  
 I weel mind the day when he was nae worth a  
 groat,  
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,  
 But now she goes in her silken attire :  
 And she was a lass who wore a plaiding coat,  
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Yet a' this shall never danton me,  
 Sae lang's I keep my fancy free :  
 While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,  
 May shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

*Fill your glasses.*

**F**ILL your glasses, banish grief,  
 Laugh and worldly care despise :  
 Sorrow ne'er will bring relief :  
 Joy from drinking will arise.

**W**hy should we with wrinkl'd care  
 Change what nature made so fair ?  
**D**rink, and set the heart at rest ;  
 Of a bad market make the best.

**B**usy brains we know, alas !  
 With imaginations run ;  
**L**ike the sands i'the hour-glass,  
 Turn'd and turn'd, and still run on,  
**N**ever knowing where to stay :  
**B**ut uneasy ev'ry way.  
**D**rink and set the heart at rest ;  
**P**ease of mind is always best.

**S**ome pursue the winged wealth,  
 Some to honours high aspire :  
**G**ive me freedom, give me health,  
 That's the sum of my desires.  
**W**hat the world can more present  
 Will not add to my content,  
**D**rink and set the heart at rest ;  
**P**ease of mind is always best.

**M**irth, when mingled with our wine,  
 Makes the heart alert and free :

Should it snow, or rain, or shine,  
Still the same thing 'tis with me.

There's no sense against our fate;  
Changes daily on us wait.  
Drink, and set your hearts at rest;  
Of a bad market make the best.

*Good Morrow to your Night-Cap.*

(From the *Poor Soldier.*)

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,  
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;  
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,  
You never dream how late 'tis.  
This morning gay,  
I post away,  
To have with you a bit of play;  
On two legs ride  
Along, to bid  
Good morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowfy,  
With whisky, ale, and cyder,  
I ask'd young Betty Blowzy  
To let me sit beside her.  
Her anger rose,  
And sour as floes,  
The little gypfy cock'd her nose;  
Yet her I've rid  
Along, to bid  
Good morrow to your night-cap.



## S O N G.—From the same.

THE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,  
 Arise to partake of the chace;  
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,  
 And a smile to the smiles of her face.  
 For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of  
 love

With myrtles my brows shall adorn,  
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in  
 the grove,

Excell'd by the sound of the horn.  
 The dogs are uncoupl'd, and sweet is their cry,  
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply:  
 Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,  
 But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woobine peeps out,  
 His sentence he hears in the gale;

Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,  
 His courage and constancy fail.

Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,  
 Despair taking place of his fear;

With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,  
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs are, &c.



## S O N G.—From the same.

**T**HE meadow looks chearful, the birds  
sweetly sing,

So gaily they carol the praises of Spring ;  
Tho' Nature rejoices ; poor Norah shall mourn  
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, O hide your gay charms !  
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond  
arms.

Tho' fattins, and ribbands, and laces are fine,  
They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

## S O N G.—From the same.

**H**OW happy the soldier who lives on his pay,  
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a  
day ;

Yet fears neither justices, warrants, nor bums,  
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,  
His King finds him quarters, money, and cloaths,  
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,  
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,  
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight :  
 No girl when she hears it, though ever so glum,  
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.  
 With a row-de-dow, &c.

S O N G.—From the same.

**F**AREWEL ye groves and chrystal fountains,  
 The gladsome plains and silent dell;  
 Ye humble vales and lofty mountains,  
 And welcome now a lofty cell.  
 And, oh ! farewell, fond youth most dear !  
 Thy tender plaint, the vow sincere,  
 We'll meet and share the parting tear,  
 And take a long and last farewell.

S O N G.—From the same.

**T**H O' Leixlip is proud of its close shady  
 bowers,  
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cas-  
 cades,  
 Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of sweet flowers,  
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty  
 maids ;  
 As each his own village must still make the most of.

In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong;  
 Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may  
 boast of;

'Tis Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my  
 song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice  
 boots on,

Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kil-  
 dare;

Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,  
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice  
 powder'd hair:

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble  
 station,

For gold or for acres he never shall long;

One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a  
 nation,

From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my  
 song.

### S O N G.—From the same.

**D**EAR Sir, this brown jug that now foams  
 with mild ale,

Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the  
 vale;

Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,  
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;  
 In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,  
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,  
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,  
 A potter found out in its cover so snug,  
 And with part of old Toby he form'd the brown  
     jug,  
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,  
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

## S O N G.

**Y**OU'RE welcome to Paxton, Robin Aidair,  
 You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Aidair,  
 How does Luke Gardner do, ay, and Johnie  
     Machru too?  
 O! Why did they not come with you, Robin  
     Aidair?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Aidair,  
 I will drink wine with you, Robin Aidair,  
 I will drink wine with you, good rack and brandy  
     too,  
 By my shoull I'll be drunk with you, Robin  
     Aidair.

Come, let us drink about, Robin Aidair,  
 Come, let us drink about, Robin Aidair,  
 Come, let us drink about, and drink a hog'shead  
     out,  
 O then we'll be drunk, no doubt, Robin Aidair.

## S O N G.

**W**HEN fairies dance round on the grass.

Who revel all night in a roun',

Then say, Will you meet me, sweet lass,

Alone, by the light of the moon?

Then say, &c.

First swear you will never deceive

The lass you have conquer'd so soon,

Nor leave a lost maiden to grieve,

Alone by the light of the moon.

Nor leave, &c.

I swear to be constant and true,

Nor would I be false for a crown:

I'll meet you at twelve on the green,

Alone by the light of the moon.

I'll meet, &c.

The nightingale perch'd on the thorn,

Enchants ev'ry ear with her song,

And is glad on the absence of morn,

To salute the pale light of the moon.

And is, &c.

How sweet is the jessamin grove!

How sweet are the roses in June!

More sweet is the language of love,

Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.

B

More sweet, &c.

*Music is the Voice of Love:*

**S**OFTLY sweet the minutes glide,  
With tuneful Damond by my side ;  
His songs delight the list'ning grove,  
For music is the voice of love.

For music, &c.

When moon-beams glitter o'er the stream,  
How sweet his song when love's the theme ;  
His plaintive notes the nymphs approve,  
For music is the voice of love.

For music, &c.

If other maids admire his lays,  
While soft and sweet he sings my praise ;  
The tender tale I must approve,  
For music is the voice of love.

For music, &c.

*Hark, forward away.*

**H**ARK ! hark ! from the woodlands the loud  
swelling horn.

Invites to the sport of the chace ;  
How ruddy, how bright, and how chearful the  
morn,  
How healthy and blooming each face.

Chorus.

To the grove with Diana I'll hasten away,  
 Nor lose the delight of the morn ;  
 The hounds are all out, hark ! hark ! forward,  
 away,  
 While echo replies to the horn.

Gay health still attends thro' the sports of the  
 field,  
 O'er mountains and valley we go ;  
 The joys of the chace, health and pleasure can  
 yield,  
 No wishes beyond it we know.

To the grove, &c.

Our innocent pastime each virgin may share,  
 And the censure of envy defy ;  
 While Cupid, soon follow'd by grief and despair,  
 The blessing of youth would destroy.

To the grove, &c.

*The Banks of Yarrow.*

THE morn was fair—soft was the air,  
 All nature's sweets were springing ;  
 The buds did bow with silver dew,  
 Ten thousand birds were singing :  
 When on the bent wi' blithe content,  
 I first met Jem, my marrow:



Whate'er betide, I'll be his bride,  
Upon the banks of Yarrow.  
With him I'll stray,  
And fondly play  
Upon the banks of Yarrow.

How sweet his face, where ev'ry grace,  
And manly beauty's planted;  
His smiling een, and comely mein,  
That nae perfection wanted:  
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,  
But bless my bonny marrow,  
While his dear smiles all doubt beguiles,  
Upon the banks of Yarrow.

With him &c.

O, Jem, if you shou'd prove untrue,  
My ghaist would soon affright ye;  
But if you'er kind, wi' joyful mind  
I'll study to delight ye:  
Our years around wi' love are crown'd,  
From all things joy shall borrow;  
Thus none shall be more blest than we  
Upon the banks of Yarrow.

With him, &c.

*To the Weavers gin ye go.*

MY heart was ance as blythe and free  
As Simmer days were lang,  
But a bonie Westlin weaver lad  
Has gart me change my sang.



Chorus.

To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,  
To the weaver's gin ye go,  
I redd you right, gang ne'er at night,  
To the weaver's gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town  
To warp a plaiden wab ;  
But the weary, weary warpin o't,  
Has gart me sigh and sab.  
To the weaver's, &c.

A bonie Westlin weaver lad  
Sat working at his loom :  
He took my heart as wi' a net  
In every knot and thrum.  
To the weaver's &c.

I sat beside my warping-wheel,  
And ay I ca'd it roun' ;  
But ev'ry shot, and ev'ry knot,  
My heart it gae a stoun'.  
To the weaver's, &c.

The moon was sinking in the west  
Wi' visage pale and wan,  
As my bonie Westlin weaver lad  
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.  
To the weaver's &c.

But what was said, or what was done,  
Shame fa' me gin I tell ;

But oh ! I fear the kintra soon  
Will ken as weel's myfell !

To the weaver's &c.

*I am o'er young to marry yet.*

I Am my mammy's ae bairn,  
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir,  
And lying in a man's bed,  
I'm fley'd it make me irie, Sir.  
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,  
I'm o'er young to marry yet ;  
I'm o'er young, twad be a sin  
To take me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmas is come and gane,  
The nights are lang in winter, Sir ;  
And you an' I in ae bed,  
In trowth I dare na venture, Sir,

I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind  
Blaws thro' the lastlefs timmer, Sir ;  
But if you come this gate again,  
I'll aulder be gin Simmer, Sir.

I'm o'er young, &c.

*Whistle, an' I'll come to you, my Lad.*

O Whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad ;  
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad :  
Though father and mither shou'd baith gae mad,  
O whistle, and I'll come to you my lad.

Come down the back stairs when ye come to  
court me :

Come down the back stairs when ye come to  
court me ;

Come down the back stairs; and let nae body see ;  
And come as ye were na' coming to me.

And come as ye were na' coming to me.

*The Highland Laffie, O.*

**N**AE gentle dames, tho' e'er fae fair,  
Shall ever be my muse's care ;  
Their titles a' are empty show ;  
Gi'e me my Highland lassie, O.

*Chorus.*

Within the glen so bushy, O,  
Aboon the plain fae rashy, O  
I set me down wi' right gude will,  
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,  
Yon palace and yon gardens fine !  
The world then the love should know  
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
And I maun cross the raging sea ;  
But while my crimson currents flow,  
I love my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
I know her heart will never change,  
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar ;  
For her I'll trace a distant shore ;  
That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
Around my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
By secret truth and honour's band !  
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O !  
Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O !  
To other lands I now must go  
To sing my Highland lassie, O !

*Contented I am.*

**C**ONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be ;  
Resolv'd in this life to live happy and free,  
With the cares of the world I'm seldom perplex'd,  
I'm sometimes uneasy but never am vex'd

Some higher, some lower, I own there may be;  
 But there's more who lives worse than lives better  
 than me.

My life is a compound of freedom and ease;  
 I go when I will, and return when I please;  
 I live above envy, also above strife;  
 And wish I had judgment to choose a good wife;  
 I'm neither so low nor so high in degree,  
 But ambition and want are both strangers to me

Did you know how delightful my gay hours do  
 pass,

With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my lass;  
 I'm happy while with her, contented alone,  
 My wine is my kingdom, my cask is my throne;  
 My glass is the sceptre by which I shall reign,  
 And my whole privy council's a flask of champagne.

When money comes in, I live till it's gane;  
 While I have it, quiet happy, contented with  
 nane.

If I lose it at gaming, I think it but lent;  
 If I spend it genteelly, I'm always content:  
 Thus in mirth and good humour my gay hours  
 do pass,  
 And on Saturday's night I am just as I was.

*Willy was a wanton wag.*

**W**ILLY was a wanton wag,  
The blytheft lad that e'er I saw,  
At bridals still he bore the brag  
And carried ay 'he gree awa.  
His doublet was of Zetland shag,  
And vow! but Willy he was bra',  
And at his shoulder hang a tag,  
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,  
His heart was frank without a flaw;  
And ay whatever Willy said,  
It was still hadden as a law.  
His boots they were made of the jag,  
When he went to the weapon shaw;  
Upon the green nane durst him brag,  
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gow'd?  
He wan the love of great and sma';  
For after he the bride had kiss'd,  
He kiss'd the lasses halefale a'.  
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,  
When by the hand he led them a;  
And smack and smack on them bestow'd,  
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na' Willy a great lown,  
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen,

When he danc'd with the lasses round,  
 The bridegroom speer'd where he had been ?  
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,  
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair :  
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in  
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll go out,  
 And for a wee fill up the ring ;  
 But shame light on his souple snout,  
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.  
 Then straight he to the bride did fair,  
 Say's, Weal's me on your bonny face,  
 With bobbing, Willy's shanks are fair,  
 And I'm com'd out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,  
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,  
 Unless like Willy ye advance ;  
 (O ! Willy has a wanton leg :)  
 For wi't he learns us a to steer,  
 And formast ay bears up the ring :  
 We will find nae sic dancing here,  
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

*The Wedding day.*

ONE night as young Colin lay musing in bed,  
 With a heart full of love, and a vapourish head,  
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,  
 Thus sweetly he sung of his wedding day !



What would I give for a wedding day !  
Who would not wish for a wedding day !  
Wealth and ambition I'd toss ye away,  
With all you can boast, for a wedding day.

Should heaven bid my wishes with freedom im-  
plore,  
One bliss for the anguish I suffer'd before,  
For Jeffy, dear Jeffy, alone would I pray,  
And grasp my whole wish on my wedding day.  
Bless'd be th' approach of my wedding day !  
Hail my dear nymph, and my wedding day !  
Earth, smile more verdant, and heaven shine  
more gay !  
For happiness dawns with my wedding day,

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides,  
O'er the hearts of the ladies, and flow of the tides,  
Unhappily changing, soon chang'd his wife's  
mind :  
O fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind !  
Why was I born to a wedding day !  
Curs'd, ever curs'd be my wedding day !  
Colin, poor Colin thus changes his lay,  
And dates all his plagues from his wedding  
day.

Ye Batchelors, warn'd by the shepherd's distress,  
Be taught from your freedom to measure your  
bliss,



Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,  
 And blast all your joys on a wedding day.  
     Horns are the gift of a wedding day,  
     Want and a Scold crown a wedding day,  
     Happy the gallant, who, wise when he may,  
     Prefers a stout rope to a wedding day.

*Four-and-twenty Fiddlers.*

**F**OUR and twenty fiddlers all in a row,  
     Four and twenty fiddlers all in a row ;  
 There was fiddle faddle fiddle, and my double  
     damme semi quible, down below.

It is my lady's holy day, therefore let us be merry.

Four and twenty drummers all in a row ;  
 There was hey rub a dub, ho rub a dub, fiddle  
     faddle, &c.

Four and twenty trumpeters all in a row,  
 There was tantara rara, tantara rara, hey rub a  
     dub, &c.

Four and twenty coblers all in a row,  
 There was stab awl and cobbler, and cobbler and  
     stab awl, tantara rara, &c.

Four and twenty fencing masters all in a row,  
 There was push carte and tierce, down at heel,  
     cut him across, stab awl and cobbler, &c.

Four and twenty captains all in a row,  
 There was, oh ! d—n me kick him down stairs,  
     push carte and tierce, &c.

Four and twenty parsons all in a row,  
 There was, Lord have mercy upon us ! O d—n  
 me kick him down stairs, &c.

Four and twenty tailors all in a row,  
 One caught a louse, another let it loose, and a-  
 nother cried, Knock him down with the goose,  
 Lord have mercy upon us, &c.

Four and twenty barbers all in a row,  
 There was bag wigs, short bobs, toupees, long  
 queus, shave for a penny, oh d—n'd hard times,  
 two ruffles and ne'er a shirt, one caught a  
 louse, &c.

Four and twenty quakers all in a row,  
 There was Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac be-  
 gat Jacob, and Jacob peopled the twelve tribes  
 of Israel ; with bag wigs, short bobs, toupees,  
 long queus, shave for a penny, oh d—n'd hard  
 times, two ruffles and ne'er a shirt, one caught  
 a louse, another let it loose, and another cried,  
 Knock him down with the goose, Lord have  
 mercy upon us, Oh d—n me knock him down  
 stairs, push carte and teirce, down at heel,  
 cut him across, stab awl and cobbler, and cobbler  
 and stab awl, tantara rara, tantara rera, hey rub  
 a tub, ho rub a tub, fiddle fiddle fiddle, and  
 my double damme semi quibble down below,  
 It is my lady's holiday, therefore let us be merry,

## S O N G.

**G**UARDIAN angels, now protect me,  
Send me to the swain I love :

Cupid, with thy bow direct me,

Help me, all ye powers above.

Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,

Tell him I love and I despair ;

Tell him, for him I grieve,

Say 'tis for him I live ;

O may the shepherd be sincere !

Thro' the shady grove I'll wander,

Silent as the bird of night ;

Near the brink of yonder fountain

First Leander blest'd my sight.

Witness, ye groves and falls of water,

Echoes, repeat the vows he swore :

Can he forget me,

Will he neglect me,

Shall I never see him more.

Does he love and yet forsake me ?

To admire a nymph more fair ?

If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,

And esteem the happy pair.

Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,

Ne'er more the cares of life pursue :

The lark and philomel

Only shall hear me tell

What makes me bid the world adieu.

*The N U N.*

**S**URE a lass in her bloom at the age of nine-  
teen,

Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been ;  
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,  
But mother oft tells me, she'll have me a Nun.  
But mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,  
Shou'd be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to  
cry ;

With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,  
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a Nun,

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and  
swear,  
Is a thousand times better to me I declare ;  
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone ;  
Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a  
Nun.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh I never can bear,  
Nor yield to be sent to one cannot tell where ;  
To live or to die, in this case were all one,  
Nay, I sooner will die than be reckon'd a Nun,

Perhaps but to teaze me, she threatens me so,  
I'm sure were she me, she would stoutly say No ;  
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,  
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.

*Highland Queen.*

**N**O more my song shall be, ye fwains,  
 Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains ;  
 More pleasing beauties me inspire,  
 And Phoebus tunes the warbling lyre ;  
 Divinely aided, thus I mean  
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,  
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd ;  
 From pride and affectation free,  
 Alike she smiles on you and me.  
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,  
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,  
 Her settled calm of mind destroy :  
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,  
 And adds a lustre to the whole ;  
 A matchless shape, a graceful mein,  
 All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate  
 Has destin'd for so fair a mate !  
 Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,  
 And each returning day brings more ;  
 No youth so happy can be seen,  
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen,

## S O N G.

SOME how my spindle I mislaid,  
 And lost it underneath the grass,  
 Damon advancing, bow'd his head,  
 And said, What seek you, pretty lass?  
 A little love, but urg'd with care,  
 Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak  
 That I my spindle lost just now.  
 His knife then kindly Damon took,  
 And from the tree he cut a bough :  
 A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,  
 While me he tenderly beheld;  
 He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,  
 For ah ! my heart did fondly yield.  
 A little love, &c.

## S O N G

SHepherds, would ye hope to please us,  
 You must ev'ry humour try ;  
 Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,  
 Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry,

Soft denials are but trials  
 Of the heart we wish to gain ;  
 Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,  
 If you pursue, we fly in vain.

*The loss of the Brook.*

ON a brook's grassy brink in the willow's  
cool shade.

The primroses pressing, reclin'd a fair maid ;  
She por'd o'er the stream that limp'd idly along,  
**Well pleas'd** saw herself, and thus tun'd her  
soft song :                      **Well pleas'd,** &c.

Tho' the 'Squire's fine sweet-heart should look  
in the stream,

If the crystal tells truly, more comely I seem :  
What's the dazy, the peach, or the strawberry  
dye ?

With white and red blooming, more comely  
am I? With white, &c.

As oft thro' the church-yard on Sunday I tread,  
While gaping louts grinning o'er tomb-stones  
are spread,

With raptures they praise me; I keep on my  
way,

And, down looking, seem not to hear what they  
say. And down, &c.

Each kneeling swain loudly protests I am fair,  
Yet none can delight me, till Strephon I hear:  
Speed your search, ye shrill songsters, 'till Stre-  
phon ye see,

Then tell him he's stay'd for, he's stay'd for by  
me. Then tell, &c.



S O N G.

I Once was a maiden as fresh as a rose,  
And as fickle as April weather,  
I laid down without care, and I wak'd with re-  
pose,  
With a heart as light as a feather.

With a heart, &c.

I work'd with the girls, and I play'd with the  
men,  
I always was romping or spinning,  
And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then,  
I hope 'twas not very great finning.

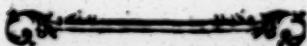
I hope, &c.

I wedded a husband as young as myself,  
And for every frolick as willing,  
Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,  
And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.

And we, &c.

He's gone to the wars, Heav'n send him a prize,  
For his pains he is welcome to spend it,  
My example I know is more merry than wife,  
Lord help me, I never shall mend it.

Lord help, &c.





*My trim-built Wherry.*

**T**HEN farewell, my trim-built wherry,  
Oars, and coat, and badge farewell;  
Never more at Chelsea ferry  
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,  
In the battle's heat I go :  
Where exposed to every danger,  
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, may hap, when homeward steering,  
With the news my messmates come :  
Even you, my story hearing,  
With a sigh may cry-poor Tom!

*What will I do gin my Hoggie die?*

**W**HAT will I do gin my Hoggie die,  
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie,  
My only beast, I had nae mae,  
And vow but I was vogie?

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,  
Me and my faithfu' doggie;  
We heard nought but the roaring linn,  
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',  
The blitter frae the boggie,

The tod reply'd upon the hill,  
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did craw;  
The morning it was foggie;  
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,  
And maist has kill'd my hoggie.

*Jumpin John.*

**H**ER daddie forbad, her minni forbad,  
Forbidden she wad na be :  
She wad na trow't the browst brew'd  
Wad taste fae bitterlie.

*Chorus.*

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John  
Beguil'd the bonny lassie,  
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John  
Beguil'd the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hawf,  
And thretty gude shillins and three ;  
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,  
The lafs wi' the bonnie black e'e.  
The lang lad &c.

*The Dusty Miller.*

**H**EY, the dusty miller  
And his dusty coat,  
He will win a shilling,  
Or he spend a groat.

Dusty was the coat,  
 Dusty was the colour,  
 Dusty was the kiss  
 That I got frae the miller,

Hey, the dully miller,  
 And his dusty sack;  
 Leeze me on the calling  
 Fills the dusty peck :

Fills the dusty peck,  
 Brings the dusty filler;  
 I wad gie my coattie  
 For the dusty miller.

# S O N G.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,  
 And banishes despair;  
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,  
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,  
 My tender grief remove;  
 Oh ! send some cheering ray of light,  
 And guide me to my love.

Thus in a secret friendly shade  
 The pensive Cælia mourn'd;  
 While courteous Echo lent her aid,  
 And sigh for sigh return'd,

When sudden, Damon's well-known face,  
 Each rising fear disarms;  
 He eager springs to her embrace,  
 She sinks into his arms.

### S O N G.

**I** Saw what seem'd a harmless child,  
 With wings and bow,  
 And aspect mild,  
 Who fobb'd, and figh'd, and pin'd;  
 And begg'd I would some boon bestow  
 On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger too soon I comply'd,  
 For exulting he cry'd,  
 And drew from his quiver a dart;  
 My power you soon shall know,  
 Then levell'd his bow,  
 And wounded me right in the heart.

### S O N G.— *From Midas:*

**S**INCE you mean to hire for service,  
 Come with me you jolly dog;  
 You can help to bring home harvest,  
 'Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.  
 With three crowns, your standing wages,  
 You shall daintily be fed;

Bacon, beans, salt-beef, cabbages,  
Butter milk, and oaten-bread.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,  
When we get you once at home,  
And when daily labour's over,  
We'll all dance to your strum-strum.

I strike hands, I take your offer :  
Farther on I may fare worse ;  
Zooks, I can no longer suffer,  
Hungry guts, and empty purse.

S O N G.

COME, ye party jangling swains,  
Leave your flocks, and quit the plains,  
Friends to country, or to court,  
Nothing here shall spoil your sport.

Chorus.

Ever welcome to our feast,  
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Sprightly widows, come away ;  
Laughing dames, and virgins gay ;  
Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,  
(Smiling hopes of future blisses.)  
Ever welcome, &c.

All the rip'ning fun can bring  
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,

D

In one varying scene we show,  
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.

Ever welcome, &c.

Comus jesting, music charming,  
Wine inspiring, beauty warming ;  
Rage with party-malice dies,  
Peace returns, and discord flies.

Ever welcome, &c.

*The Ploughman.*

THE Ploughman is a bonny lad,  
His mind is ever true, lo,  
His garters knit below his knee,  
His bonnet it is blue, lo.

Chorus.

Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad,  
And hey, my merry ploughman ;  
Of a' the trades that I do ken,  
Commend me to the Ploughman.

My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,  
He's often wat and weary :  
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,  
And gae to bed, my dearie.

Up wi't a', &c.

I will wash my Ploughman's hose,  
And I will dress his o'erlay ;

I will make my ploughman's bed.  
And chear him late and early.

Up wi't a', &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,  
I hae been at Saint Johnston,  
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw  
Was the Ploughman laddie dancin'.

Up wi't, a' &c.

Snaaw white stockings on his legs,  
And filler buckles glancin',  
A gude blue bonnet on his head,  
And O but he was handsome!

Up w'it, a' &c.

Commend me to the barn yard,  
And the corn mou, man ;  
I never gat my coggie fou  
Till I met wi' the Ploughman.

Up wi't, a' &c.

*Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And castocks in Stra-boggie ;  
Gin I hae but a bonny lass,  
Ye're welcome to your cogie,  
And ye may sit up a' the night,  
And drink till it be braed day light ;  
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,  
To dance the reel of bogie.

D 2



In cotillons the French excel ;  
 John Bull, in countra-dances ;  
 The Spaniards dance tandangos well,  
 Mynheer an all'mande prances :  
 In foursome reels the Scots delight,  
 The threesome maist dance wond'rous light ;  
 But 'twasome ding a' out o' fight,  
 Danc'd to the reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,  
 Wale each a blithsom' rogie ;  
 I'll tak' this lassie to mysell,  
 She seems fae keen and vogie :  
 Now piper lad, bang up the spring,  
 'The countra fashion is the thing,  
 To prie their mou's e'er wi begin  
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,  
 Save yon auld doited fogie,  
 And ta'en a fling upo' the grass,  
 As they do in Stra-bogie.  
 But a the lasses look fae fain,  
 We canna think oursel's to hain ;  
 For they maun hae their come again,  
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads has done their best,  
 Like true men of Stra-bogie ;  
 We'll stop a while, and tak' a rest,  
 And tipple out a cogie.

Come now, my lads, and tak' your glafs.  
 And try ilk other to furpafs,  
 In wishing health to every lafs  
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

*Red Hot Balls.*

**W**HEN Elliot commanded the fam'd Gibraltar,  
 Whose courage, undaunted, no danger  
 could alter,  
 The Dons and the Monfieurs were soon made  
 to falter.  
 Oh, the hot balls of old England !  
 And oh, the old Englifh hot balls !

Crillon and his thoufands, when floating their  
 thunder,  
 Moft vainly fuppofed to make Elliot knock under ;  
 But he tipp'd them hot balls, which excited  
 their wonder :

Oh, the hot balls, &c.

Artois beheld, at a very great diftance,  
 The old Salamander's moft noble refiftance,  
 And fware the Infernals had lent him affiftance :

Oh, the hot balls, &c.

When hurl'd from the rock, the balls pierc'd  
 thro' the floats,  
 And quickly illumin'd their boafed gun-boats,  
 What fcreams of amazement were pour'd from  
 their throats :

Oh, the hot balls, &c.

The few that surviv'd Elliot's famous hot balls,  
Stunn'd all his brave troops with their squeakings  
and squalls,

And rapidly fled from old Gibby's strong walls :  
Oh, the hot balls, &c.

'The old Salamander may take his repose ;  
'The siege is now rais'd, and dispers'd are his foes ;  
'The house of Bourbon are quite sick of his blows .  
Oh the hot balls, &c.

May Elliot return ! by his king be carefs'd !  
May every true Briton a coward detest !  
And to captains, like Curtis, his thanks be ex-  
press'd !

Oh, the hot balls of Old Eng'land !

And oh, the old English hot balls !

## S O N G.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does  
peep,

Why, how now, you sluggardly sot !

How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,

While we all on horseback are got,

My brave boys ?

While we all we on horseback are got.

I cannot get up, for the over-night's cup

So terribly lies in my head

Besides, my wife cries, My dear, do not rise,

But cuddle me longer in bed,  
My dear boy,  
But cuddle me longer in bed.

Come, on with your boots, and saddle your mare,  
Nor tire us with longer delay;  
The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,  
Will chase all dull vapours away,  
My brave boys,  
Will chase all dull vapours away.

*Duet.—William and Phœbe.*

*William.*

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids,  
And chang'd them as oft, d'ye see;  
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the  
green,  
The maid of the mill for me.

*Phœbe.*

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,  
And call'd me the fairest she;  
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the  
green,  
Young Harry's the lad for me.

*William.*

Her eyes are as black as the floe in the hedge,  
Her face like the blossoms in May;  
Her teeth are as white as the new-thorn flock,  
Her breath like the new-made hay.

*Phæbe.*

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree;  
 His cheeks are as fresh as a rose;  
 He looks like a 'quire of high degree,  
 When dress'd in his Sunday's cloathes.

*The Toast.*

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,  
 Bacchus hates ropining,  
 Venus loves nae dwining,  
 Let's be blyth and free.  
 Away with dull—here t'ye, Sir;  
 Ye'er mistrefs, Robie, gie's her,  
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure.  
 Wha's belov'd by thee?  
 Then let Peggy warm ye,  
 That's a lass can charm ye,  
 And to joys alarm ye,  
 Sweet is she to me.

Some angel ye wad ca' her,  
 And never wish ane brawer,  
 If ye bareheaded saw her  
 Kilted to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is.  
 Come let's join our glasses,  
 And refresh our hauses,

With a health to the'.  
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,  
 Be statesmen tint in drinking,  
 While we 'ith love and drinking,  
 Give our cares the lie,

*The Bonny Scot-man.*

YE gales, that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny Boat-man,  
 Bear me fra' hence, or bring to me

My brave, my bonny Scot-man,  
 In haly hands we join'd our hands,

Yet may not this discover,  
 While parents rate a large estate  
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens

To herd the kid and goat, man,

E'er I cou'd for sic little ends

Refuse my bonny Scot-man.

Wae worth the man

Wha first began

The base ungenerous fashion

Fra' greedy views,

Love's art to use,

Whil' strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,

Haste to thy longing lassie,

Who pants to press thy baumy mouth,

And in her bosom kaufe thee.

Love gies the word,

Then haste on board,

Fair winds and tenty Boat-man,

Waft o'er, waft o'er,

Frae yonder shore,

My blyth, my bonny Scot-man!

*Jenny Nettles.*

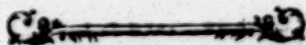
O Saw ye Jenny Nettles ;  
     Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles ?

Saw ye Jenny Nettles  
     Coming fra the market ?

Wi' bag and baggage on her back,  
     Her fee and hountith in her lap,  
 Wi' bag and baggage on her back,  
     And a babbie in her oxtar ?

I met ayont the kairny,  
     Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,  
 Singing till her bairny,  
     Robin Rattle's bastard ;  
 To see the dool upo' the stool,  
     And ilka ane that mocks her,  
 She round about seeks Robin out,  
     To slap it in his oxtar.

Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,  
     Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle,  
 Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,  
     Use Jenny Nettles kindly ;  
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,  
     And without mair debate o't,  
 Tak' hame your wean, make Jenny fain,  
     The leel and leesome gate o't.





*Airs in the SHAMROCK.*

*Air.—Mrs Martyr.*

SINCE love is the plan,  
I'll love, if I can—  
Attend, and I'll tell you what sort of a man ;  
In address how compleat,  
And in drefs spruce and neat,  
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet ;  
Not dull, nor too witty,  
His eyes I'll think pretty,  
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.  
  
In a song bear a bob,  
In a glafs a hob-nob,  
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob ;  
Tho' gentle he be,  
His man he shall see,  
Yer never be conquer'd by any but me.  
This, this is my fancy ;  
If such a man can see,  
I'm his, if he's mine ; until then, I'll be free.

*Air.—Mrs Bannister.*

Dearest youth, why thus away,  
And leave me here a-mourning !  
Ceaseless tears, while thou'rt away,  
Must flow for thy returning.

Winding brooks, if by your side  
 My careless Pat is straying,  
 Gently murmur, softly chide,  
 And say for him I'm staying.

Meads and groves I've rambled o'er,  
 In vain, dear youth, to find thee :  
 Come, ah! come, and part no more,  
 To leave thy love behind thee.  
 On yon hill I'll sit till night,  
 My careful watch still keeping ;  
 But if he does not bless my sight,  
 I'll lay me down a-weeping.

*Air.—Mr Edwin.*

Tho' late I was plump, round, and jolly,  
 Tho' now I'm as slim as a rod ;  
 Oh ! love is the cause of my folly,  
 I soon shall lie under a sod.  
 Sing natherum doodle,  
 Nagetty tragedy rum,  
 My didtherum doodle,  
 Fidgetty nidgitty mum.

Dear Shelah, then why do you flout me,  
 A lad that's sae coysie and warm ;  
 With ev'ry thing handsome about me,  
 A cabbin, and snug little farm.  
 Sing natherum doodle, &c.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money,  
 No duns at my chamber attend;  
 On Sunday I ride on my poney,  
 And still have a bit for a friend.  
 Sing natherum doodle, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,  
 The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove;  
 Oh! all this courting confounds me,  
 I look, and I think of my love.  
 Sing didtherum, &c.

*A favourite Scots Song.*

**W**HEN lav'rocks sweet, and yellow broom  
 Perfume the banks of Tweed,  
 Blithe Nancy boasts a sweeter bloom,  
 Her charms all charms exceed.  
 Gang o'er the merry fields of hay,  
 Cry'd love-sick Jockey, wi' a sigh;  
 And wha fae fast, fae young and gay,  
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?  
 In Sandy's cheek the white and red,  
 Like rose and lily join'd:  
 For him each lassie hung her head,  
 For her each laddie pin'd.  
 Gang o'er the merry fields of hay,  
 Wi' me, my dearest lass, he'd cry;  
 And wha fae fast, fae young, and gay,  
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?

He gang'd o'er fields and broomy land,  
 Till mither 'gan to chide ;  
 Then Sandy prefs'd her lily hand,  
 And ask'd her for his bride :  
 Then o'er the merry fields of hay,  
 Said she, my dearest lad, we'll hie ;  
 For wha fae fast, fae young and gay,  
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny ?

*Favorite Vauxhall Ballad.*

**T**HE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the brae,  
 As blithe I gang'd to milk my kine ;  
 When near the winding burn of Tay,  
 Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een,  
 A Highland lad fae kind me tent,  
 Saying—Sonfy lafs, how's a' wi' you ?  
 Shall I your pail tak' o'er the bent ?  
 'Twas—Yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too,

Again he met me i' the e'en,  
 As I was linkan o'er the lee,  
 To join the dance upon the green,  
 And said—Blithe lafs, I'fe gang wi' thee.  
 Sae braw he look'd i' th' Highland gear,  
 His tartan plaid, his bonnet blue ;  
 My heart straight whispher'd in my ear—  
 Say, Yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

We danc'd until the gleaming moon  
 Gave notice that 'twas time to part ;

I thought the reel was o'er too soon,  
 For, ah ! the lad had stawn my heart.  
 He saw me hame across the plain,  
 Then kifs'd fae sweet, I vow 'tis true,  
 That when he ask'd to kifs again,  
 'Twas—Yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Crown bauld, he press'd to stay the night,  
 Then grip'd me close unto his breast ;  
 Howt, lad ! my mither fair would flyte,  
 Gin that I grant wi'out the priest.  
 Gang first 'fore him, gif ye be leel,  
 I ken right what I then maun do,  
 For ask to kifs me when you will,  
 'Twill be—Yes, love, and I thank you too.

### *New Jockey.*

**M**Y laddie is gane far away o'er the plain,  
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to re-  
 main.  
 Though blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,  
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the  
 thorn ;  
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,  
 There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's a-  
 way ;  
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,  
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads and their lassies are on the green  
 met,  
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they  
 chat,  
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,  
 I can't without envy their merriment see ;  
 Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not  
 there,  
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,  
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,  
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,  
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here ;  
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,  
 For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haste ;  
 Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain  
 sigh,  
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I !  
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,  
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

*Auld Robin Gray.*

**W**HEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the  
 ky at hame,  
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane,  
 'The wae of my heart fa's in showers frae my  
 ee',  
 When my guidman lyes sound by me,

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he fought me  
 for his bride,  
 But savaing a crown he had naething beside :  
 To make that crown a pound my Jamie went to  
 sea,  
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
 When my mither she fell ill, and the cow was  
 slow'n awa' ;  
 My father brake his arm, and my Jamie went  
 to sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father cou'dna' work, and my mither  
 cou'dna' spin,  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna'  
 win ;  
 Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and, wi'  
 tears in his ee',  
 Said, Jenny, for their fakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back,  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
 wreck ;  
 The ship it was a wreck, why didna' Jenny die,  
 And why do I live to cry, Waes me !

Auld Robin argu'd fair, tho' my mither didna'  
 speak,  
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to  
 break :



So they gied him my hand, though my heart  
was in the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray is guidman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,  
When, sitting fae mournfully at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wreath, but I didna' think  
it he,  
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,  
We took but ae' kiss, and we tore ourselves a-  
way.

I wish I were dead, but I'm not like to die,  
And why do I live to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a gaist, and I carena' to spin,  
I carena' think on Jamie for that wou'd be a sin;  
But I'll do my best a good wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

*The Death of Auld Robin Gray, and Ja-  
mie's return.*

THE summer it was smiling, all nature round  
was gay,  
When Jenny was attending on auld Robin  
Gray;  
For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend be-  
side,  
But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.

Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I  
had birth;

Then see my poor old banes, I pray, laid into  
the earth;

And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth  
and a day,

And I will leave whate'er belongs to auld Ro-  
bin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I  
cou'd,

And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very  
good;

I took my rock into my hand, and in my cot I  
figh'd,

Oh, wae's me, what shall I do, since poor auld  
Robin died.

Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's  
nane like me forlorn,

I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was  
born;

For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone  
away,

My father's dead, my mother's dead, and eke  
auld Robin Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun  
till setting day,

And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd  
for Robin Gray:

I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant  
too;

Let every one example take, and Jenny's plan  
pursue.

I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me  
was lost,

And all my fond and youthful love entirely it  
was crost :

I try'd to sing, I try'd to laugh, and pass the  
time away,

For I had ne'er a friend alive since dy'd auld Ro-  
bin Gray.

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'd-  
na guess the cause ;

But Rodney was the man, they said, that gain'd  
so much applause :

I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to  
me,

And shew'd a purse of golden ore, and said, It is  
for thee ;

Auld Robin Gray I find is dead, and still your  
heart is true.

Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will  
be so too.

Mess John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be  
blithe and gay ;

I blush'd, consented, and reply'd, Adieu to Ro-  
bin Gray.

## S O N G.

**O**N Teeſe's ſweet banks I ſat with my Molly,  
 So chearful, ſo charming, ſo frolic and free;  
 Away, gloomy care, ſaid I, hence melancholy,  
 Nor think of attending on Molly and me.  
 The ſun to old ocean was ſlowly deſcending,  
 The ſhepherd his flocks on the wild heath at-  
 tending,  
 The plowman ſweet whiſtling his way home-  
 ward bending,  
 And careleſs gazing on Molly and me.

The innocent milk-maid was tripping ſo  
 neatly,  
 And calling her kine o'er the ſweet-ſcented lee;  
 The thruſh and the blackbird were ſinging full  
 ſweetly,  
 And chanting their carrols to Molly and me.  
 The daiſy, the pink, and the vi'lets ſweet bloom-  
 ing,  
 The hawthorn and woodbine the thicket per-  
 fuming,  
 Sweet Philomel ſadly her wild notes reſuming,  
 Bleſt ſcene of retirement for Molly and me!

Poſſeſs'd of my Molly, falſe fortune deſying,  
 From ſorrow, from care, and anxiety free;  
 The darts of old Time o'er our heads widely  
 flying,  
 What pair are ſo happy as Molly and me?

Dear scenes of contentment! for ever inviting,  
 New pleasures, new beauties, for ever delighting  
 With mutual affection each other requiting,  
 Say, who are so happy as Molly and me?

*Bonny Lafs lye in a Barrack.*

O Bonny lafs, will you lye in a barrak,  
 And marry a foger, and carry his wallet?  
 Yes, I will go, and think no more on it,  
 I'll marry my Harry, and carry his wallet;  
 I'll neither ask leave of my minnie nor daddie,  
 But off and away with my foger laddie.

O bonny lafs, will you go to a campaigning?  
 Will you suffer the hardships of battle and famine?

When fainting and bleeding, O cou'd you draw  
 near me?

And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me?

O, yes, I will go, though these evils you mention,

And twenty times more, if you had the invention;

Neither hunger, nor cold, nor dangers alarm me,  
 While I have my foldier, my dearest, to charm  
 me.

*Lafs gin ye lo'e me, tell me now.*

I Ha'e laid a herring in fa't,  
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,

I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' ma't;  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I ha'e a ca'f will soon be a cow,  
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,  
 I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,  
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now,  
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I ha'e a butt, and I ha'e a ben,  
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,  
 I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,  
 An I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,  
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now,  
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
 An' I eanna come ilka day to woo  
 I ha'e a kebbuck upon my shelf,  
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now,  
 I downa eat it a' myself,  
 An' I winna come ony mair to woo

*The Miller's Wedding.*

**L**EAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport  
 and to play ;  
 Let the tabour strike up, and the village be gay,  
 Let the tabour, &c.

No day through the year shall more chearful be  
seen,  
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.  
For Ralph, &c.

Chorus.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,  
And while the wind blows,  
And while the mill goes,  
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take  
a bride,  
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;  
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,  
And my love, like my courage, will never give  
ground.

I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,  
And prudently take the best bidders to bed;  
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,  
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.  
I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor one of your  
beaus.  
Nor bounces, nor flutters, nor wears your fine  
cloathes,  
In nothing he'll follow from folks of high life,  
Nor ne'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.  
I love Sue, &c.



While thus I am able to work at my mill,  
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but  
lies still,

Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,  
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue, &c.

Tullochgorum.

*Written by a Clergyman at Aberdeen.*

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,  
And roset weel your fiddle-sticks,  
But banish vile Italian tricks

Frae out your quorum,  
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix,

Gie's Tullochgorum. R. Fergusson.

COME, gie's a fang, the lady cry'd,  
And lay your disputes all aside,

What signifies't for folks to chide

For what's been done before them?

Let Whig and Tory all agree,

Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,

Let Whig and Tory all agree,

To drop their whipmegmornm.

Let Whig and Tory all agree,

To spend this night with mirth and glee.

And chearfu' sing along wi' me

The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,

It gars us a' in ane unite,

F

And ony fumph that keeps up spite,

In conscience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',

Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,

Blithe and merry we's be a',

To mak' a chearfu' quorum.

Blithe and merry we's be a',

As lang as we hae breath to draw,

And dance, till we be like to fa',

The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a phrase

Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,

I wadna' gi'e our ain Strathspeys

For half a hundred score o'em.

They're douff and dowie at the best,

Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,

They're douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum.

They're douff and dowie at the best,

Their allegros, and a' the rest,

They cannot please a Highland taste,

Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress

Wi' fear of want, and double cess,

And silly fauls themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,

Shall we fae four and fulky fit,  
 Like auld Philosophorum?  
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 And canna' rise to shake a fit  
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend  
 Each honest-hearted open friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
 Be a' that's good before him!  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 And dainties a great store o' 'em!  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot!  
 And may he never want a groat  
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,  
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And blackest fiends devour him!  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 And honest souls abhor him!  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,

Whae'er he be that winna' dance  
The reel of Tullochgorum!

*The Happy Pair.*

**H**OW blest has my time been? what joys have  
I known,  
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?  
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.  
That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often  
we stray,  
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:  
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,  
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I  
seen  
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:  
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,  
And meets me at night with complacence and  
smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,  
Her wit and good-humour blooms all the year  
through:  
Time still as he flies adds increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what she heals from her  
youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to en-  
 snare,  
 And cheat, with false vows, the too-credulous  
 fair;  
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,  
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

## S O N G.

*Written by Mr Pope, but not published in his  
 Works.*

SAY, Phœbe, why is gentle love  
 A stranger to that mind,  
 Which pity and esteem can move,  
 Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to prove  
 The ills that love molest,  
 The jealous cares, the sighs that move  
 The captivated breast?

Alas! by some degrees of woe  
 We ev'ry bliss obtain;  
 That heart can ne'er a transport know,  
 That never felt a pain.

*The Sailor's Farewell.*

THE topsail shivers in the wind,  
 The ship she casts to sea;

But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,  
 Are, Mary, moor'd by thee :  
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,  
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter, when we're fail'd,  
 O doubt their artful tales ;  
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,  
 If Cupid fill'd his sails :  
 Thou art the compass of my soul,  
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,  
 More fell than rocks and waves ;  
 But sailors of the British fleet  
 Are lovers, and not slaves :  
 No foes our courage shall subdue,  
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares ; but if you're kind,  
 We'll scorn the dashing main,  
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
 The pow'rs of France and Spain.  
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,  
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu !

*Banks of the Dee.*

*With additions by a Lady.*

'TWAS Summer, and softly the breezes were  
 blowing,  
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,

At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,

I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,  
Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me  
ever;

For there I first gain'd the affection and favour  
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus  
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;  
And ah! there's no hopes of his speedy returning,  
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, helpless youth! o'er the rude roaring  
billows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows:  
And left me to stray 'mongst the once-loved wil-  
lows,

The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time, and my prayers, may perhaps yet  
restore him;

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;  
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch  
o'er him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties display-  
ing,

The lambs on its banks shall again be seen play-  
ing;



While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,  
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

Thus sung the fair maid on the banks of the  
river,  
And sweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree.  
But now all these hopes must vanish for ever,  
Since Jamie shall ne'er see the banks of the Dee.  
On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,  
In a foreign grave his body's now lying :  
While friends and acquaintance in Scotland are  
crying  
For Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

Mishap on the hand by which he was wounded,  
Mishap on the wars that call'd him away  
From a circle of friends, by which he was sur-  
rounded,  
Who mourn for dear Jamie the tedious day.  
Oh! poor hapless maid, who mourns discon-  
tented  
The loss of a lover so justly lamented ;  
By time, only time, can her grief be contented,  
And all her dull hours become chearful and gay.

'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her  
mourning,  
From unjust rebellion his country to free :  
He left her in hopes of his speedy returning,  
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

For this he despis'd all dangers and perils:  
 'Twas thus he espous'd Britannia's quarrels,  
 That when he came home he might crown her  
 with laurels,  
 The happiest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,  
 Tho' dreadful the thought must be unto me;  
 He fell, like brave Wolfe, when the troops were  
 victorious,

Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree:  
 Yet tho' he is gone, the once faithful lover,  
 And all our fine schemes of true happiness over,  
 No doubt, he implored his pity and favour,  
 For me he had left on the banks of the Dee.

## S O N G.

**O**H! send me Lewis Gordon hame,  
 And the Lad I dare not name;  
 Altho' his back be at the wa',  
 Here's to him that's far awa'.

Hech hey! my Highlandman,  
 My handsome charming Highlandman;  
 We'll wou'd I my true love ken  
 Among ten thousand Highlandmen.

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,  
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
 Philibeg aboon his knee,  
 And that's the Lad that I'll go wi'.

Hech hey, &c.

This lovely Lad I now do sing  
 Is fitted for to be a king ;  
 For on his breast he wears a star,  
 You'd take him for the god of war.

Hech hey, &c.

Oh ! to see this princely One  
 Seated on a royal throne ;  
 Our griefs wou'd then a' disappear,  
 We'd celebrate the jub'lee year.

Hech hey, &c.

## S O N G.

**L**AST Valentine's day, when bright Phœbus  
 shone clear,

I had not been hunting for more than a year,  
 Taleo, taleo, &c.

I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him  
 bound,

For I heard hounds challenge, and horns sweet-  
 ly sound,

Taleo, taleo, &c.

Hallo, into covert, old Anthony cries ;  
 No sooner he spoke, but the fox, Sir, he 'spies,  
 Taleo, &c.

This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip,  
 Taleo was the word, and away he did leap,

Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a  
pin,

He sprung at the drain, but his horse tumbl'd in,  
Taleo, &c.

And as he crept out, why, he spy'd the old ren,  
With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to  
his den,

Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good  
As ever broke covert, or dash'd through the wood,  
Taleo, &c.

Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die,  
Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry,  
Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or  
more,

Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore,  
Taleo, &c.

But Reynard being spent, soon must give up the  
ghost,

Which will heighten our joys when we come to  
each toast,

Taleo, &c.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will  
found,

To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound,

Taleo, &c.

So fill up your glasses, and chearfully drink  
 To the honest true sportsman who never will  
 shrink,  
 Taleo, &c.

*The Country Wedding.*

**C**OME, haste to the wedding, ye friends and  
 ye neighbours,

The lovers their blifs can no longer delay :  
 Forget all your sorrows, your cares, and your la-  
 bours,

And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to day.

Ye votaries all attend to my call,

Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy ;

Come, see rural felicity,

Which Love and Innocence ever enjoy.

Come see, &c.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,

Still crowd to, and beat at the breast of the  
 great ;

To such wretched passions we give no admission,

But leave them alone to the wise ones of state.

We boast of no wealth but contentment and  
 health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments  
 employ.

Come see, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure ;

With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl,  
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,

For fatal excess will enslave the free soul,

Then come at our bidding to this happy  
wedding,

No care shall obtrude here our bliss to annoy.

Come see, &c.

### *A Hunting Song.*

**B**RIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of  
day,

And the horns and the hounds call each sports-  
man away ;

Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now  
they bound,

While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.

*Hark away* is the word, to the sound of the  
horn,

And echo, blythe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,

While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick pur-  
sue ;

Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading  
plain,

While the loud opening pack pursue her again.

*Hark away, &c.*

At length puss is caught, and lies panting for  
 breath,  
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of  
 death ;  
 No joys can delight like the sports of the field,  
 To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must  
 yield. Hark away, &c.

*The Buss aboon Traquair.*

**H**EAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,  
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;  
 Tho' thus I languish, and complain,  
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheaded never move her,  
 The bonny buss aboon Traquair,  
 Was where I first did love her.  
 That day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender ;  
 If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.  
 Yet now she scornful flees the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented ;  
 If e'er we meet, she shows disdain  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted,



The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 Its sweets I'll ay remember,  
 But now her frowns make it decay;  
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
 Oh, make her partner in my pains;  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender;  
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

*Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she.*

**S**AW ye John<sup>n</sup><sup>e</sup> cummin? quo' she,  
 Saw ye John<sup>n</sup><sup>e</sup> cummin,  
 O saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she  
 Saw ye Johnnie cummin?  
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
 And his doggie runnin, quo' she;  
 And his doggie runnin?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him:  
 For he is a gallant lad,  
 And a well doin;  
 And a the wark about the house  
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;  
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him hussy ?

What will I do wi' him ?

He's ne'er a fark upon his back,

And I ha'e nane to gie him.

I ha'e twa farkes into my kist,

And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,

And for a mark of mair fee

Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she :

Dinna stand wi' him.

For well do I lo'e him, quo' she ;

Well do I lo'e him ;

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she ;

Fee him, father, fee him ;

He'll had the plough, thrash in the barn,

And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she ;

Lie wi' me at e'en.

## S O N G.

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant, and  
kind

Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind :

I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive,

But they tell me a maid should with caution be-  
lieve.

He brought me this rose that you see in my  
breast, -

He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest,

I could not do less than the favour receive,  
And he thinks it now I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you,  
How bright, and how lovely, it seems to the  
view;

'Twould fade, if not pluck'd as your sense must  
conceive,

I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends; if they stray from the plain,  
Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;

Then begs a dear kiss for his labour I'll give,  
And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,  
To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;  
And tell me sweet stories from morning to eve:  
Then he swears that he loves me, which I really  
believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die,  
But that was before I'd this swain in my eye:  
And as soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,  
With joy I shall wed him I really believe.

### S O N G.

**B**ELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,  
Believe the heart you've won;  
Believe my vows to you sincere,  
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.

You say I'm false, and apt to change  
 At ev'ery face that's new,  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,  
 Till warm'd by your bright eye;  
 And then it kindled in a trice,  
 A flame that ne'er can die.

Then take and try me, you shall find  
 That I've a heart that's true;  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

*The Magpie.*

**G**OOD people, draw near,  
 A story to hear,  
 A story both pleasant and true;  
 Which happen'd of late,  
 And's not out of date,  
 I am going to tell it to you.

There was an old cobbler,  
 Who sol'd shoes at Dubler,  
 And lov'd the juice of good barley,  
 And oft' with his wife,  
 As dear as his life,  
 When drunk, he delighted to parley.

This cobbler, they say,  
 Being drunk on a day,  
 His wife 'gan to murmur and chat :  
 This cobbler, they say,  
 Did thrash her that day,  
 And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

He had a magpie,  
 That was very fly,  
 And used to mutter and prate ;  
 Who soon got the tone,  
 Before it was long,  
 Of, What a pox wad ye be at ?

And this Magpie,  
 Who was so very fly,  
 Once into a meeting-house gat ;  
 And as the old parson  
 Was canting his lesson,  
 Cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

The parson surpriz'd,  
 Did lift up his eyes :  
 " Now help us, pray Father, in need :  
 For Satan I fear  
 Does visit us here,  
 So help us, pray Father, with speed."

The parson again  
 Began to explain  
 To those around him that sat ;

But magpie indeed  
Flew over his head,  
And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

Then the parson did skip  
Five yards at a leap,  
From his pulpit quite down to the floor;  
And left every faint  
Quite ready to faint,  
Leaping out of the meeting-house door.

So some without hats,  
And some without hoods,  
Then out of the meeting-house gat;  
And magpie hop'd after,  
Which caused much laughter,  
Crying, What a pox wad ye be at?

Then a sanctified soul,  
Who thought to controul,  
Looking magpie quite full in the face,  
Said, Satan how dare  
You thus to appear  
In this our sanctify'd place?

But magpie he pranc'd,  
He skipp'd and he danc'd,  
And out of the meeting-house gat;  
And all the way long  
He kept up his song,  
Of, What a pox wad ye be at?

*All are tun'd to Love.*

**H**OW lovely shine the rising morn.  
Bedeck'd with rich array,  
Whilst sparkling dew-drops from the thorn  
Hang glitt'ring on the spray.

The birds enliv'ning carrols sing  
In ev'ry field and grove,  
Their notes all hail the welcome Spring,  
And all are tun'd to love.

Then come, my Damon, haste away,  
For thee bloom ev'ry flow'r;  
Oh! come, my love, while chearful May  
Bedecks my humble bow'r,  
The birds, &c.

Here sweetest woodbine form a shade,  
Wild daisies deck the ground;  
A sweet retreat by nature made,  
And all is peace around.  
The birds, &c.

*Hark! forward, my Boys.*

**H**ARK! forward, my boys,  
While the chase now employs,  
And the hare or the hart is in view—



Over mountains and dales,  
 Over ditches or pales,  
 Away, let us boldly pursue,  
   Tantaron, tantaron, tantara,  
   Tantaron, tantaron, tantara, &c.

Over mountains and dales,  
 Over ditches or pales,  
 Our course let us boldly pursue.

Over bushes and brakes,  
 Thro' rivers and lakes,  
 As fleet as the wind see we pass;  
   Thus our days ever gay,  
   We drive sorrow away,  
 And each ev'ning is crown'd with the glass.  
                   Tantaron, &c.

Then follow the chace  
 With the hounds in full pace,  
 'Twill enliven the blood in each vein;  
   Then with wine, wit, and love,  
   Ev'ry ev'ning improve,  
 Till the summit of joy you obtain,  
                   Tantaron, &c.

## S O N G.

**W**HEN you knelt at my feet,  
       And you kiss'd me so sweet,  
 What was I to think or to do?

With joy and with pain,  
 I saw my dear swain.  
 Oh! I had not been in love but for you,

Was it worth so much art,  
 To win a poor heart,  
 And leave its young owner to grieve;  
 Tho' a dupe to your charms,  
 I am safe from your arms,  
 And the tongue that was made to deceive.

Get you gone, you false lout,  
 For your tricks are found out;  
 Be hooted for this off the plain:  
 May the nymph ne'er be true  
 Who is courted by you;  
 May you love—and be lov'd not again.

*The choice of three Lovers.*

THE choice of three lovers I have, to be sure,  
 One is rich, one is handsome, and one very  
 poor;  
 This is old—this is young—the other half way;  
 One is wise, one is witty, and one is yea nay.

Love lives not with poverty oft I've been told,  
 Nor can it with age, tho' furrounded with gold;  
 The handsome and witty are each fond of self,  
 So I'll neither chuse poverty, beauty, nor self.

But give me the man who is blest with good sense;  
 The raptures of life are still flowing from thence,  
 Tho' plain in his person, not rich, nor yet poor,  
 I'll give him my hand, still to love and adore.

I'll dress me in smiles and good-humour each day,  
 Or grieve when he grieves, and be gay when he's  
     gay,

With the fondest affection attend him thro' life,  
 And prove by example what is a good wife.

### S O N G.

**W**HAT soft pretty things, both by night and  
     by day,

Was it not your fond custom to promise and say?

    You prest me;

    Carest me;

I hardly was able to answer you, Nay.

But then you could go, and to others be kind,

Try to bring other maidens as much to your  
     mind,

    Carest them,

    And prest'd them;

I saw not your falsehood, for love made me blind.

But now all my fondness is turn'd into hate,

I will have my revenge, you shall feel 'tis from  
     Kate;

    I'll haunt ye,

    To daunt ye;

**May** horns and suspicion thro' life be your fate!

*The sad cause of my pain.*

**F**OR the brook and the willow forsaking the plain ;

Young Celia came mournfully speaking her pain,  
Soft zephyrs and willow, kind brook lend your aid,

Regard the complaint of a wretched fond maid.  
To the willow, the willow complain,  
While echo repeats the cause of my pain.

If the man that I love should here chance to stay,  
In murmuring sounds let the brooks softly say,  
For you ev'ry shepherd she us'd with disdain ;  
But Strephon, alas ! is a false-hearted swain.

To the willow, &c.

For the sake of the nymph whom your wit did ensnare,

Add a tear to the brook, add a sigh to the air ;  
But if your hard heart doth relentless remain,  
May you love as I love, and like me love in vain.

To the willow, &c.

## S O N G.

**S**OFTLY sound the martial trumpet,  
Now the din of war is o'er ;

Peace, fair maid, prepares a banquet,  
Laurell'd heroes pant no more.

A calm retreat, where myrtles twine,  
With mossy rose, and sweet woodbine,

H

Shall recompence your toil and care,  
 You've sheath'd the sword, now guard the fair.

*Give me my Heart back again.*

WHEN dewy morn on moon-beams bright  
 Invites our nymphs to sport and play;  
 To me their songs give no delight,  
 Love tunes my sad and mournful lay:  
 And all the day long  
 I sing this sad song,  
 Return to my arms, my dear swain;  
 O love bring him here,  
 To banish my care,  
 Or—give me my heart back again.  
 He promis'd he soon wou'd return,  
 While tender sighs bespake his truth;  
 Yet still my Jemmy do I mourn,  
 I still lament the absent youth.  
 And all the day long, &c.

Thus Jenny sung among the broom,  
 Where list'ning stood her constant swain;  
 The lad came forth, she ken'd him soon,  
 And carroll'd sweet her alter'd strain;  
 Now all the day long  
 Love and joy claim my song,  
 For Jemmy once more cheers our plain;  
 Fond love bring him here,  
 To banish my care,  
 Not to—give me my heart back again.

*Molly of the Mill.*

LET poets praise the flow'ry mead,  
 The moss-clad hill, the dale ;  
 The shepherd piping on his reed,  
 The maid with milking pail ;  
 The lark that soars on pinions high,  
 Or sweetly-purling rill,  
 While I breathe forth a tender sigh  
 For Molly of the Mill.

In vain to sing her charms I try,  
 And all her beauties trace ;  
 Such brilliancy informs her eye,  
 Such excellence her face ;  
 Her easy shape, engaging air,  
 My breast with transports fill,  
 No nymph so pleasing, or so fair  
 As Molly of the Mill.

'Tis not her person charms alone,  
 The beauties of her mind ;  
 Wit, sense, and sentiment, we own,  
 In her are all combin'd ;  
 Such is the nymph who sways my heart,  
 And makes my bosom thrill,  
 Adorn'd by nature more than art,  
 Sweet Molly of the Mill.

*The Topsails.*

THE sailor boldly plows the deep,  
 And roams from shore to shore,  
 And when the landsman's fast asleep,  
 Hears stormy billows roar ;  
 Yet in the midst of dangers round,  
 His thoughts to love are constant found.

When I remark'd the stars at night,  
 Within my mind it came,  
 My Jenny, at that moment, might  
 Perhaps have done the same ;  
 Then home my thoughts would fly once more,  
 And fancy former bliss restore.

When wounded in the battle's rage,  
 And all was war and strife,  
 She only did my thoughts engage,  
 And make me wish for life ;  
 For if I'm kill'd, I oft did cry,  
 I know my constant girl will die.

*Labour in vain.*

IN search of some lambs from my flock that  
 had stray'd,  
 One May morn I roam'd o'er the plain ;  
 But, alas ! after all the inquiries I made,  
 I found it was labour in vain.



Then vex'd, and fatigu'd, I reclin'd on the shade,  
 And sung how young Colin the swain,  
 My love to obtain with endearment assay'd,  
 But he sigh'd, and he sooth'd me in vain.

Ah! me, silly fool, (thus I chid my fond heart)  
 Who could let him unpitied complain,  
 And suffer a bosom untainted with art  
 To despair, and to labour in vain.

From the copse full of rapture my Colin flew  
 light,  
 Where he lurk'd, and had heard my fond  
 strain;

Now, now (said he) Phœbe, my passion requite,  
 And no more let me labour in vain.

A blush gave my hand and my heart to the  
 youth,

While he thank'd me and thank'd me again,  
 And now to deny a return to his truth,  
 Lackaday! it were labour in vain.

### S O N G.

**D**ID you see e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, pass  
 this way,

Crown'd with myrtle, and all the gay verdure of  
 May?

'Tis my shepherd, oh! bring him once more to  
 my eyes!

From his Lucy, in search of new pleasures, he  
 flies;

**All day have I travell'd and toil'd o'er the plains  
In pursuit of a rebel that's scare worth my pains,  
In pursuit of a rebel that's scare worth my pains.**

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters  
and swears.

How you trust your own eyes, or believe your own ears :

Like the rose-bud in June ev'ry hand they'll invite,  
But wound the kind heart, like the thorn out of  
fight ;

And, trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,  
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth  
her pains.                      She'll find him, &c.

Three months at my feet did he languish and sigh,  
Ere he gain'd a kind look, or a tender reply ;  
Love, honour, and truth, were the themes that  
he sung,

And he swore that his heart was a-kin to his tongue :

Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his strains,  
And gave him, too frankly, my heart for his  
pains. And gave him, &c.

The trifle once gain'd, like a child at his play,  
Soon the wanton grew weary, and threw it a-  
way:

Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he  
does fly,

In search of another as silly as I ;

But, trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains  
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth  
her pains.                      She'll find &c.

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you soothe the fond  
flame,

And believe me in time, all the sex are the same;  
Like Strephon, from beauty to beauty will range,  
Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change;  
And do all we can, still this maxim remains,  
The man, when we've got him, is scarce worth  
our pains,

The man, when we've got him, is scarce worth  
our pains.

*The Feather'd Songsters.*

THE gay feather'd songsters were straining  
their throats,

Engaging my ear with their pretty wild notes,  
When, lo! from the grove did sweet echo convey  
A sound that was softer and sweeter than they.

The voice was so perfect, so charming the strain,  
It struck me at once both with pleasure and pain:  
The birds were enchanted, around her they flew,  
And the longer she warbl'd the fonder they grew.

*The Love-sick Maid.*

YOUNG Phillis one morning a-maying would  
go,

When saunt'ring along the green meads to and  
fro,

In vain did the cowslip her fair hand invite,  
 Nor daisies nor daffodils gave her delight ;  
 Her heart with the throbbings of passion did move,  
 Each bird on the spray could have told her 'twas  
     love,                      Each bird, &c.

At length she grew weary, and sat by a brook,  
 Where Strephon the shepherd was bating his  
     hook ;  
 Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her complain,  
 His heart was inflam'd to allay her soft pain ;  
 The swain had led many a lass to the grove,  
 And he, wicked rogue, thought that Phillis  
     would love.

Howe'er, as her mind was by innocence drest,  
 'Twas plain that fair virtue was lodg'd in her  
     breast ;  
 Her beauty was much, but her modesty more,  
 Which Strephon perceiv'd, and began to adore ;  
 He knelt at her feet, with a garland he wove,  
 And Phillis consented to make him her love.

*The Miller's Wedding-day.*

**H**ASTE, my lads, your lasses bring,  
     Lead the dance, and form the ring ;  
 Let the flowing bowl go round,  
 And our social mirth abound.  
     Let the flowing, &c.  
 Chearful dance, and sing, and play,  
 'Tis the Miller's wedding-day.

Come, and in our pleasure share,  
Banish ev'ry gloomy care ;  
Now enjoy the jocund hour,  
While the season's in our power,

Great ones proudly boast their wealth,  
We possess content and health ;  
Free from envy, hate, and strife,  
Taste the rural sweets of life.

Hark, the merry bells ring round,  
Foot it to the lively sound ;  
Grist and Sal each bliss betide,  
Happy bridegroom, happy bride.

*The Tankard of Ale.*

**N**OT drunk, nor yet sober, but brother to  
both,

I met with a man upon Aylefbury Vale,  
I saw in his face that he was in good case  
To go and take part of a tankard of ale.

Fal lal, &c.

There's the hedger that works in the ditches all  
day,

And labours so hard also at the plough-tail,  
He will talk about things, about princes and kings,  
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale

Fal lal, &c.

There's the beggar that begs from door to door  
And has scarce got a rag to cover her tail,  
She's as merry in rags as a miser with bags,  
When once she shakes hands with a tankard of  
ale. Fal lal, &c.

There's the widow who buried her husband of  
late,  
Has scarcely forgot how to weep or to wail;  
But thinks ev'ry day ten till she's marry'd again,  
When once she shakes hands with a tankard of  
ale. Fal la! &c.

There's the old parson's clerk, whose eyes are  
so dark,  
And the letter so small, that he scarcely can tell;  
But he can tell ev'ry letter, and sing a song bet-  
ter,  
Whence once he shakes hands with a tankard of  
ale. Fal la!, &c.

From wrangling and jangling, or all other strife,  
Or any thing else that may happen to fail,  
From words come to blows, and we make bloody  
nose,  
But friends again over a tankard of ale.  
Fal la!, &c.

*Katharine Ogie.*

AS walking forth to view the plain,  
Upon a morning early,

While May's sweet scent did chear my brain,

From flow'rs which grew so rarely ;

I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,

She shin'd tho' it was foggy ;

I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,

My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,

To see a nymph so stately ;

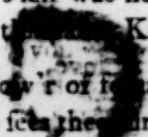
So brisk an air there did appear,

In a country maid so neatly :

Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,

Like a lillie in a bogie ;

Dianna's self was ne'er array'd

Like  Katharine Ogie.

Thou flower of females, beauty's queen,

Who see'st thou art must prize thee :

Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,

Yet these cannot disguise thee ;

Thy handsome air and gracefu' look

Far excels any clownish rogie ;

Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,

My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but a shepherd swain,

To feed my flock beside thee !

At boughting time to leave the plain,

In milking to abide thee ;

I'd think myself the happiest man,

With Kate, my club, and dogie,



Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
And statesmen's dang'rous stations :  
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :  
Might I carefs, and still possess  
This lass of whom I'm vogie ;  
For these are toys, and still look less,  
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed  
For me so fine a creature,  
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
All other works in nature.  
Clouds of despair surround my love,  
That are both dark and fogie :  
Pity my case, ye Pow'rs above,  
Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

*Jockey to the Fair.*

'TWAS on the morn of sweet May-day,  
When nature painted all things gay,  
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,  
And gild the meadows fair ;  
Young Jockey early in the morn  
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn ;  
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,  
For Jenny had vow'd away to run  
With Jockey to the fair.  
For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The chearful parish bells had rung,  
With eager steps they trudg'd along,  
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,  
Which shepherds us'd to wear;  
He tapt the window, Haste, my dear;  
Jenny, impatient, cry'd, Who's there?  
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,  
With Jockey to the fair.

Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,  
My brother's up, and with the sheep;  
And will you still your promise keep,  
Which I have heard you swear?  
And will you ever constant prove?  
I will, by all the pow'rs above,  
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,  
Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,  
With Jockey to the fair.

Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring! the shepherd cry'd,  
Will Jenny be my charming bride?  
Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
And Hymen meet us there:  
Then Jockey did his vows renew,  
He wou'd be constant, wou'd be true,  
His word was pledg'd, away she flew,  
With cowslips tipt with balmy dew,  
With Jockey to the fair.

With cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,  
 Their gay companions blithe and young,  
 Each join the dance, each join the throng,  
 To hail the happy pair ;

In turns there's none so fond as they,  
 They bless the kind propitious day,  
 The smiling morn of blooming May,  
 When lovely Jenny run away  
 With Jockey to the fair.

When lovely Jenny, &c.

*Sweet Willy O.*

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,  
 The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O;  
 The first of all swains,  
 He gladden'd the plains,  
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,  
 He sung it, &c.

He melted each maid,  
 So skilful he play'd,  
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O,  
 All nature, &c.

Wherever he came,  
 Whatever had name,  
 Whenever he sung, follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier the sweet Willy O,  
He would, &c.

When arm'd in the field  
With sword and with shield,  
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living the sweet Willy O,  
He charm'd, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,  
'Twas nature that sigh'd,  
To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

*The Linnets.*

As bringing home the other day  
Two linnets I had ta'en,  
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray  
For liberty again.  
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,  
I sang across the mead;  
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,  
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove  
Near which my cottage stood,  
I thought I saw the queen of love  
When Chlora's charms I view'd.  
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay  
To hear my tender tale;  
But all in vain, she fled away,  
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound which love had made  
 Came pity to my breast ;  
 And thus I, as compassion bade,  
 The feather'd pair address'd :  
 " Ye little warblers, cheerful be,  
 Remember not ye flew :  
 For I, who thought myself so free,  
 Am far more caught than you."

*The Wife.*

**W**HEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be  
 seen,  
 And the meadows their beauty have lost ;  
 When nature's dishob'd of her mantle of green,  
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost ;  
 While the peasant inactive stands sniv'ring with  
 cold,  
 As bleak the winds northerly blow :  
 When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,  
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow :  
 In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with straw,  
 And send forth their breath like a stream ;  
 And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw  
 Fleaks of ice which she finds in her cream :  
 When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as the  
 rose,  
 As she carelessly trips, often slides,  
 And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she flows  
 All the charms that her modesty hides :

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,  
 As with silence they rest on the spray ;  
 And the poor tired hare in vain seeks the wood,  
 Lest her footsteps her cause should betray.  
 When the lads and the lasses, in company join'd,  
 In a crowd round the embers are met,  
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,  
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,  
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,  
 Whilst the icicles hang from the eaves of my cote,  
 I may thither in safety retire.  
 Where in neatness and quiet, and free from sur-  
 prise,  
 We may live, and no hardships endure,  
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,  
 But such as each other may cure.

*There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.*

**B**ETTY, early gone a-maying,  
 Met her lover, Willie, straying ;  
 Drift or chance, no matter whether ;  
 Thus, we know, he reason'd with her :  
 Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,  
 Fondly billing, kindly wooing ;  
 See how ev'ry bush discovers  
 Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.

See the op'ning blushing roses  
 Each its secret charms discloses !  
 Sweet's the time, ah ! short's the measure !  
 O their fleeting hasty pleasure !  
 Quickly we must snatch the favour  
 Of their soft and fragrant flavour ;  
 They bloom to-day, they fade to-morrow,  
 Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no traces  
 Of those beauties, of those graces :  
 Youth and love forbid our staying,  
 Love and youth abhor delaying.  
 Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me.  
 Let your pride no more deny me :  
 Never doubt your faithful Willie ;  
 There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

*Allan Water.*

**W**HAT numbers shall the muse repeat ?  
 What verse be found to praise my Annie ?  
 On her ten thousand graces wait,  
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.  
 Since first she trod the happy plain,  
 She set each youthfu' heart on fire ;  
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,  
 That Annie kindles new desire.



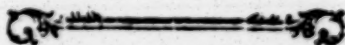
This lovely darling, dearest care,

This new delight, this charming Annie,  
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,  
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.

A' day the am'rous youths conven,  
Joyous they sport and play before her;  
A' night, when the nae mair is seen,  
In blissful dreams they still adore her,

Amang the crowd Amyntor came,  
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;  
His rising sighs express his flame,  
His words were few, his wishes many.  
Wi' smiles the lovely maid reply'd,  
Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?  
Alas! your love mair be deny'd,  
This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,  
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,  
He staw awa' my virgin-heart;  
Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bemoaning.  
Some brighter beauty you may find,  
On yonder plains the nymphs are many;  
Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,  
And leave to Damon his own Annie.



*A favourite Song.**By a Lady.*

**W**EEP not, ye streams of gentle Tay ;  
 Nor mourn, ye flow'ry banks sae bonny !  
 Though wars have call'd my love away,  
 Heav'n will protect my faithful Johnny.  
 'Twas fame that urg'd him to the field,  
 'Twas fame inspir'd him thus to leave me ;  
 Pleas'd I survey'd the glitt'ring shield,  
 But ah ! how much our parting grieves me !

Let dad and fretful mother scold,  
 And for some richer laird design me ;  
 Yet neither pow'r, nor pomp, nor gold,  
 From youthful Johnny shall incline me.  
 'Twas fame, &c.

What's wealth compar'd to him I love ?  
 To him for ever fond to please me ?  
 The live-lang day beneath the grove  
 To kiss, to clap, to blefs, and squeeze me ?  
 'Twas fame, &c.

Weep not, ye streams of silver Tay ;  
 Nor mourn, ye flow'ry banks, sae bonny ;  
 Though arms allur'd my love away,  
 Heav'n will return unhurt my Johnny.  
 'Twas fame that urg'd him to the field,  
 'Twas fame inspir'd him thus to leave me ;  
 Pleas'd I survey'd the glitt'ring shield,  
 But ah ! how much our parting grieves me !

*Turnimspike.*

**H**ERSELL pe Highland shentleman,  
Pe auld as Pothel prig, man ;  
An' mony alterations seen  
Amang te Lallant Whig, man.

Fal lal, &c.

First when her to the Lallands came  
Nainfell was troving cows, man ,  
There was nae laws about him's nerse,  
Apout te breeks or trews, man.

Nainfell did wear the philapeg,  
The plaid prickt on her shoulder ;  
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,  
An' pistol sharg'd wi' pouter.

But tevil tak' t'ese cursed preeks,  
Wherein her nerse be lockit;  
Ohon! that e'er she saw the tay,  
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now  
Pe turn't to alteration ;  
Te fodger twall at our toor sheek,  
An' t'at's te great vexation.

Scotlant pe turn't an Englant now,  
Put laws pring on te cadger ;  
Nainfell wad dunk her for her deeds,  
But oh! she fears te fodger.

Anither law came after that,  
Me never saw te like, man :  
They mak' a lang road on te crund,  
An' ca' him turnimspike, man.

An' vow she pe a ponny road,  
Like Louden corn-rigs, man ;  
Where twa carts may gang on her,  
An' no break ithers legs, man.

hey sharge a penny for ilka horse,  
In troth she'll no pe sheaper,  
For nought put gaun upo' te grund,  
An' they gi'e me a paper.

They tak' te horse t'en py te head,  
An' t'ere they mak' him stand, man ;  
I tell't them that I seen te day  
She had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt Nainfell maun traw her purse,  
An' pay him what hims like, man :  
I'll see a shugement on his toor,  
T'at filthy turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa' to the Highland hills,  
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,  
An' no come near her turnimspike,  
Unless it pe to purn her.

---

S O N G.

Tune, *Dusky Night.*

WHEN first a maid within her breast  
Perceives the subtle flame,  
She finds a something break her rest,  
Yet knows not whence it came.

A husband 'tis she wants.

Now riper grown, at sight of man  
Her swelling bosom glows :  
Old maids, may say, the sex trepan,  
But Miss much better knows

A husband 'tis she wants.

If pale and wan the drooping fair  
Seems sinking in her grave ;  
In vain is medicinal care,  
'Tis this alone can save.

A husband 'tis I mean.

Let maidens stale their doctrine preach,  
'Gainst what like us they love ;  
For trust me they the same would teach,  
If they the same could have.

A husband 'tis I mean.

Then on, dear girls, and boldly prove  
There's truth in what I say :  
Let Hymen take the torch of love,  
And gild each happy day.

A husband 'tis I mean.

*He winna do for me.*

**Y**OUNG Sandy woo's me e'er and late,  
And tells a canty tale ;  
But I maun bid him gang his gate,  
For he cou'd ne'er prevail.  
His person I do not despise,  
It comely is to see ;  
Yet ah ! his heart I cannot prize,  
He winna do for me.

No moral gude is in his mind,  
For still he jokes away ;  
And ev'ry virtue he can find,  
He sports with aye the day :  
He sings and dances very neat,  
No lad more blithe than he ;  
But yet his mind is not complete,  
He winna do for me.

**M**y Jamie is a bonny lad,  
And is'in things aye true ;  
Where'er he comes he makes all glad,  
He is so bright to view :  
But if he faulter in his vows,  
And should prove false to me,  
I'll sing my song, and milk my ewes,  
He winna do for me.

*Scant of Love, want of Love.*

*By a Lady.*

THE auld man he courted me,  
Scant of love, want of love;

The auld man he courted me,

Thoughtless as I am;

And I for the sake of pelf,

Yielded to give myself

To the cauld arms of

The silly auld man.

The auld man did marry me,

Scant of love, want of love,

The auld man did marry me,

Wanton as I am;

The auld man did marry me,

And home did carry me:

Never, never while you live

Wed an auld man.

The auld man and I went to bed,

Scant of love, want of love;

The auld man and I went to bed,

Handsome as I am:

The auld man and I went to bed,

But he neither did nor said,

What brides expect, when laid

By a gudeman.

The auld man soon fell asleep,

Scant of love, want of love;



The auld man soon fell asleep,  
 Left me as I am ;  
 The auld man soon fell asleep,  
 Think you that I would weep ?  
 Na—but I straight did creep  
 To a young man ;

Where I lay all the night,  
 No scant, no want of love ;  
 Where I lay all the night,  
 Who so happy then ?  
 Where I lay all the night,  
 In raptures and delight ;  
 So should all young wives treat  
 Fumbling auld men.

*Highland March.*

**I**N the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome  
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia  
 we come,

Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to  
 gain,  
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in  
 vain.

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our  
 laws,  
 That, like our ancestors of old, we stand by free-  
 dom's cause ;

We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for hon'  
our and applause,  
And defy the French, with all their art, to  
alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,  
No luxurious tables enervate our race;  
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial  
strain,  
So we do the old Scottish valour retain,  
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
Are swift as the roe which the hind doth assail:  
As the full moon in autumn our shields do ap-  
pear,  
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.  
Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,  
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;  
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering  
strokes. Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,  
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;  
But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.  
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,  
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce in-  
 crease,  
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,  
 That our friends still prove true, and our beau-  
 ties prove kind ;  
 Then we'll defend our liberty, our country  
 and our laws,  
 And teach our late posterity to fight in free-  
 dom's cause,  
 That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour  
 and applause,  
 May defy the French and Spaniards to alter  
 our laws.

*For the Love of Jean.*

**J**OCKEY said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't ?  
 Ne'er a fit, quoth Jeany, for my tocher good,  
 For my tocher good, I winna marry thee ;  
 E'ens ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let it be,

I ha'e gowd and gear, I ha'e land enough,  
 I ha'e seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,  
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,  
 And gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a good ha'-house, a barn and a byre,  
 A peat stack 'fore the door, will make a rantin  
 fire ;

I'll make a rantin' fire, and merry fall we be,  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

But Jeany said to Jockey, Gin ye winna tell,  
Ye fall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell :  
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free ;  
Ye're welcomer to tak' me than to let me be.

*Maggie's Tocher.*

THE meal was dear short syne,  
We buckl'd us a' the gither ;  
And Maggie was in her prime,  
When Willie made courtship till her.  
Twa pistols, charg'd beguets,  
To gi'e the courting-shot ;  
And syne came ben the lass  
Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt.  
He first speir'd at the guidman,  
And syne at Giles the mither,  
An' ye wad gie's a bit land.  
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My dochter ye shall hae,  
I'll gi'e ye her by the hand ;  
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fae,  
Or I part wi' my land,  
Your tocher it fall be good,  
There's nane fall hae its maik,  
The lass bound in her snood,  
And Crummie wha kens her staik ;

Wi' an auld bedding o' claiths,  
 Was left me by my mither,  
 They're jet-black o'er wi' fleas,  
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,  
 But ye maun mend your hand,  
 And think o' modesty,  
 Gin ye'll not quat your land.  
 We are but young, ye ken,  
 And now we're gaun the gither,  
 A house is but and hen,  
 And Cruminie will want her fother,  
 The bairns are coming on,  
 And they'll cry, O their mither !  
 We' ave nouthar pat nor pan,  
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,  
 For that you needna fear,  
 Twa good filts to the pleugh,  
 And ye youriell maun steer :  
 Ye sall ha'e twa good pocks,  
 That ance were o' the tweel,  
 The t'ane to ha'd the groats,  
 The ither to ha'd the meal :  
 Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,  
 And that sall be your coffer,  
 Wi' aiken woody bands,  
 And that may ha'd your tocher.

Consider weel, guidman,  
 We ha'e but borrow'd gear,  
 The horse that I ride on  
 Is Sandy Wilfon's mare;  
 The saddle's nane o' my ain,  
 And thae's but borrow'd boots,  
 And whan that I gae hame,  
 I maun tak' to my coots;  
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,  
 That gars me look fae crouse;  
 Come, fill us a cogue of swats,  
 We'll mak' nae mair toom rouse.

I like you weel, young lad,  
 For telling me fae plain;  
 I marry'd when little I had  
 O' gear that was my ain.  
 But sin' that things are fae,  
 The bride she maun come forth,  
 Though a' the gear she'll ha'e  
 'Twill be but little worth,  
 A bargain it maun be,  
 Fy cry on Giles the mither;  
 Content am I, quo' she,  
 E'en gar the hiffie come hither.

The bride she gae'd to her bed,  
 The bridegroom he came till her;  
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,  
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

*Maggy Lauder.*

**W**HA wadna be in love  
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?  
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
 And speir'd what was't they ca'd her?  
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,  
 Begone ye hallansliaker,  
 Jog on your gate, ye Bladderskate,  
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,  
 I'm fiddling fain to see thee;  
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,  
 In troth I winna flee thee;  
 For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 My name is Rob the Ranter;  
 The lassies loup as they were daft,  
 When I blow up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags,  
 Or is your drone in order?  
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,  
 Live ye upo' the border?  
 The lassies a', baith far and near,  
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter;  
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will  
 Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twissled;



Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,  
 For brawly could she frisk it :  
 Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,  
 Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,  
 Tis worth my while to play indeed,  
 When I get sic a dancer.

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quoth Meg,  
 Your cheeks are like the crimson :  
 There's nane in Scotland plays sic weel,  
 Since we left Habby Simion.  
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 These ten years and a quarter ;  
 Gin ye should come to Easter fair,  
 Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.

*For the sake of Somebody.*

FOR the sake of somebody,  
 For the sake of somebody,  
 I cou'd wake a winter-night  
 For the sake of somebody.  
 I am gawn to seek a wife,  
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;  
 I have three stane of woo ;  
 Carling, is thy daughter ready ;  
 For the sake, &c.

Bessy, lassie, say't thyself,  
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,  
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,  
 Let her flyte, and syne come to ;

What signifies a mither's gloom,  
 When love and kisses come in play ?  
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,  
 And in Summer mak' nae hay ?

For the sake, &c.

*She.*—Bonny lad, I carena by  
 Tho' I try my luck wi' thee,  
 Since ye are content to tye  
 The ha'f mark bridal-band wi' me;  
 I'll slip hame, and wash my feet,  
 And steal on linens fair and clean,  
 Syne at the tryfing-place we'll meet,  
 To do but what my dame has done.

For the sake, &c.

*He.*—Now my lovely Betty gives  
 Consent in sic a heartsome gait,  
 It me frae a' my care relieves,  
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate ;  
 Then let us gang and get the grace ;  
 For they that have an appetite  
 Should eat, and lovers should embrace :  
 If these be fau'ts, 'tis nature's wyte.

For the sake, &c.

*Widow, are ye waking ?*

O Wha's that at my chamber-door.  
 " Fair widow, are ye waking ?"

Auld carl, your suit give o'er.

Your love lyes a' in ta'king.

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,

Sweet like an April meadow ;

'Tis sic as he can blefs the sight

And bosom of a widow.

“ O widow, wilt thou let me in !

“ I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,

“ And come of a right gentle kin ;

“ I'm little mair than fifty.”

Daft carle, dit your mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be ?—but, youth,

In love ye're but a gawky.

“ Then, widow, let these guineas speak,

“ That powerfully plead clinkan ;

“ And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,

“ And nae mair love will think on.”

These court, indeed, I maun confess,

I think they mak' you young, Sir,

And ten times better can express

Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

*The Highland Lassie.*

THE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,

But aft they're sour, and unco saucy ;

Sae proud, they never can be kind,

Like my good humour'd Highland lassie,

O my bonny Highland lassie,  
My hearty smiling Highland lassie,  
May never care make thee less fair,  
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrows-town,  
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,  
I'd tak my Katy but a gown,  
Bare-footed in her little cottie.

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,  
Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie,  
Happy and blithe as ane wad wish,  
My slight'ren heart gangs pitie pattie.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heath'ry hills I'll stien,  
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,  
To drive the deer out of their den,  
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.

O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word  
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,  
While I can weild my trusty sword,  
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.

O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,  
And berries ripe, invite my treasure  
To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,  
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

O my bonny Highland lassie.  
 My lovely smiling Highland lassie,  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Friendship.—*By Mr Pope.*

**T**HE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,  
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can  
 meet;

How strange does it seem, that in searching a-  
 round,

This source of content is so rare to be found!

O Friendship! thou balm and rich sweetner of  
 life,

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;

Without thee, alas! what are riches and power,  
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,

On whom we may always with safety depend?

Our joys, when extended, will always increase,

And griefs when divided are hush'd into peace:

When Fortune is smiling, what crouds will  
 appear,

Their kindness to offer and friendship sincere;

Yet change but the prospect, and point out dis-  
 tress,

No longer to court you they eagerly press.

*In the Waterman.*

**A**ND did you not hear of a jolly young water-  
man,

Who at Black-friars bridge used to ply ?  
He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,  
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye :  
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,  
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily ;  
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming  
an air,

That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his  
wherry,

'Twas clean'd out so neat, and so painted  
withal !

He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies  
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.

And oftentimes would they be giggling and leer-  
ing,

But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeer-  
ing ;

For loving or liking he little did care,  
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things hap-  
pen,

As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,

He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,  
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he  
did fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his for-  
row,

He'd wed her to-night before it was morrow :  
And how should this waterman ever know care,  
When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare ?

*In the School for Scandal.*

**H**ERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,  
Likewise to the widow of fifty ;  
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the last,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,  
And likewise to her that has none, Sir ;  
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here is to her that's but one, Sir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
And to her that's as brown as a berry ;  
Here's to the wife with a face full of wo,  
And here's to the girl that is merry,

Let the toast pass, &c.



Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,  
 Young or ancient I care not a feather;  
 So fill the pint bumper up to the brim,  
 And e'en let us toast them together.  
     Let the toast pass,  
     Drink to the lass,  
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

*Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
 They were twa bonny lasses,  
 They bigged a bow'r on yon burn brae,  
 And theeked it o'er wi' rashes.  
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,  
 And thought I ne'er could aiter?  
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,  
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,  
 She smiles like a May morning,  
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
 The hills with rays adorning:  
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,  
 Her waist and feet fu' genty;  
 With ilka grace she can command;  
 Her lips, O vow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,  
 Her een like diamonds glances;

She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw;  
 She kills whene'er she dances :  
 Blithe as a kid, with wit at will  
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;  
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,  
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;  
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,  
 Ye are sic bonny lassies.  
 Wae's me, for baith I canna get,  
 To ane by law we're stented ;  
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,  
 And be with ane contented.

## S O N G.

**M**Y Jeany and I have toil'd  
 The live-lang summer's day,  
 Till we were almost spoil'd  
 At making of the hay.  
 Her kerchy was of holland clear,  
 Ty'd on her bonny brow ;  
 I whisper'd something in her ear,—  
 But what is that to you ?  
 But what is that, &c.  
 Her stockings were of kersey green,  
 As tight as ony silk :  
 Oh ! sic a leg was never seen !  
 Her skin was white as milk !

Her hair was black as ane could wish,  
And sweet, sweet was her mou' !  
Oh ! Jenny daintily can kiss !—  
But what is that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine  
To make my Jeany fair ;  
There is nae bennison like mine,  
I have amaisht nae care :  
But when another swain, my dear,  
Shall say you're fair to view,  
Let Jeany whisper in his ear,  
Pray what is that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,  
Hide that sweet face of thine,  
That I may only be the man  
Enjoys these looks divine.  
O do not prostitute, my dear,  
Wonders to common view,  
And I, with faithful heart, shall swear  
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,  
And meny a concubine ;  
But I enjoy a bliss mair true ;  
His joys was short of mine :  
And Jeany's happier than they,  
She seldom wants her due :  
All debts of love to her I'll pay,  
And what's that to you ?

*Corn-Rigs are bonny.*

**M**Y Patie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy,  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy :  
 His shape is handsome, middle-size,  
 He's stately in his wa'king ;  
 The shining of his een surprize,  
 'Tis heav'n to hear him ta'king.

Last night I met him on a baw,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spake,  
 That set my heart a-glowing.  
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony ;  
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,  
 O corn-rigs are bonny !

Let maidens of a silly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding were design'd,  
 We chastely should be granting :  
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,  
 And syne my cockernonny  
 He's free to touzle, ear' or late,  
 Where corn-rigs are bonny.

*The Lafs of Patie's Mill.*

THE lafs of Patie's Mill,  
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 Hath stole my heart away :  
 When tedding of the hay,  
 Bare-headed on the green,  
 Love midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their dawn,  
 To age it would give youth,  
 To press them with his hand.  
 Through all my spirits ran  
 An ecstasy of bliss,  
 When I such sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd,  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth  
 Hopeton's high mountains fill,

Infur'd long life and wealth,  
 And pleasures at my will ;  
 I'd promise, and fulfill,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of Patie's Mill,  
 Should share the same wi' me.

*My Jo Janet.*

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye come by the Bass then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a keeking-glass then.  
 Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet,  
 And there ye'll see your bonny sell, my jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,  
 What if I shou'd fa' in,  
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,  
 I drown'd mysell for sin.  
 Had the better be the brae, Janet, Janet,  
 Had the better be the brae, my jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,  
 Coming thro' Aberdeen then,  
 For the love you bear to me,  
 Buy me a pair of sheen then.  
 Clout the auld, the new are dear, Janet, Janet,  
 Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year, my jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,  
 And skipping like a mawking,  
 If they should see my clouted sheen,  
 Of me they will be tawking.  
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en, Janet, Janet,  
 Syne a' their fau'ts will not be seen, my jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye gae to the crofs then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pacing-horse then.  
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, Janet, Janet,  
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, my jo Janet,

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,  
 The rock o't winna stand, Sir,  
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,  
 Employs aft my hand, Sir.  
 Mak' the best o't that ye can, Janet, Janet,  
 But like it never wale a man, my jo Janet.

## S O N G.

**T**HE malt-man comes on Munanday,  
 And he craves wond'rous fair,  
 Cries, Dame, come, gi'e me my filler,  
 Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.  
 I took him into the pantry,  
 And gave him some good cock-broo,  
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,  
 As hostler-wives should do.



When malt-men come for filler,  
 And gaugers wi' wands o'er soon,  
 Wives, tak' them a' down to the cellar,  
 And clear them as I have done.  
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,  
 Will keep them frae making din;  
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,  
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,  
 But I can be as flee,  
 And he may crack of his winning,  
 When he clears scores with me:  
 For, come when he likes, I'm ready;  
 But if frae hame I be,  
 Let him wait on our kind lady,  
 She'll answer a bill for me.

*Hap me with thy Petticoat.*

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart,  
 I pass the day in pain,  
 When night returns I feel the smart,  
 And wish for thee in vain.  
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;  
 Have pity, and incline,  
 And grant me for a hap that charm-  
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy, in amaze,  
 Still wanders o'er thy charms;

Delusive dreams ten thousand ways  
 Present thee to my arms.  
 But waking think what I endure,  
 While cruel you decline  
 Those pleasures, which can only cure  
 This panting breast of mine.  
 I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,  
 Because you still deny  
 The just reward that's due to love,  
 And let true passion die.  
 Oh ! turn, and let compassion seize  
 That lovely breast of thine ;  
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,  
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight  
 That beauteous form of thine,  
 And thou'rt too good its laws to slight,  
 By hindering the design.  
 May all the pow'rs of love agree  
 At length to make thee mine,  
 Or loose my chains, and set me free  
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

*The Rose in Yarrow.*

,TWAS Summer, and the day was fair,  
 Resolv'd a while to fly from care,  
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,  
 I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow.

Till then despising beauty's pow'r,  
 I kept my heart my own secure;  
 But Cupid's art did there deceive me,  
 And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?  
 No ransom take for Mary's slave?  
 Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me,  
 Her lovely smiles like light revive me.  
 No bondage may with mine compare,  
 Since first I saw this charming fair;  
 This beauteous flow'r, this rose of Yarrow,  
 In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heav'n but one request,  
 I'd ask to lye on Mary's breast;  
 There would I live or die with pleasure,  
 Nor spare this world one moment's leisure:  
 Despising kings, and all that's great,  
 I'd smile at courts, and courtiers fate;  
 My joy complete on such a marrow,  
 I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er shou'd gain,  
 Contented still I'll wear my chain,  
 In hopes my faithful heart may move her,  
 For leaving life I'll always love her.  
 What doubts distract a lover's mind!  
 That breast, all softness, must prove kind;  
 And she shall yet become my marrow,  
 The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

*Bide ye yet.*

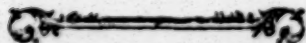
**G**IN I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,  
 A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,  
 A bonny wee yardy, aside a wee burn,  
 Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what may betide ye yet :  
 Some bonny wee body may be my lot,  
 And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang a-field, and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean;  
 And a bonny we bairnie upon her knee,  
 That will cry pappa or daddy to me.

And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be  
 A difference a'tween my wee wifie and me,  
 In hearty good-humour, altho' she be teaz'd,  
 I'll kifs her and clap her until she be pleas'd,  
 And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what will betide ye yet ;  
 Some bonny wee body may be my lot,  
 And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.



*Galloping Dreary Dun.*

**A** Master I have, and I am his man,  
 Galloping dreary dun;  
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,  
     With a haily, gaily,  
     Gambo raily,  
     Giggling, niggling,  
 Galloping galloway, draggie-tail, dreary dun.  
 I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,  
     Galloping dreary dun;  
 I mounted my mule, and we all rode away,  
     With our haily, &c.  
  
 We canter'd along until it grew dark,  
     Galloping dreary dun;  
 The Nightingale sung instead of the Lark,  
     With her haily, &c.  
  
 We met with a Friar and ask'd him our way,  
     Galloping dreary dun;  
 By the L—d, says the Friar, you are both astray,  
     With your haily, &c.  
  
 Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,  
     Galloping dreary dun;  
 We wander alone like the babes i' the wood,  
     With our haily, &c.  
  
 My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,  
     Galloping dreary dun,  
 But now I think better—I'll e'en go to sleep,  
     With my haily &c.

S O N G.

**B**USSY, curious, thirstily fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I,  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up.

Make the most of life you may,  
Life is short and wears away,  
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike, both mine and thine  
Hasten quick to their decline,  
Thine's a summer mine's no more.  
Though repeated to threescore ;  
Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one.

S O N G.

**T**HOUGH prudence may press me,  
And duty disiress me,  
Against inclination, O what can they do!  
No longer a rover,  
His follies are over,  
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry, is true.  
The bee, thus as changing  
From sweet to sweet, ranging,  
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray ;  
With raptures possessing,  
In one every blessing,  
Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

*Tally ho.*

**Y**E sportsmen, draw near, and ye sportswomen  
too,

Who delight in the joys of the field ;  
Mankind, tho' they baffle, are all eager as you,  
And no one the contest will yield ;  
His Lordship, his Worship, his Honour, his Grace,  
A hunting continually go,  
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,  
With, Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,  
To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;  
The huntsman gets up at the sound of the horn,  
And rides to the commons full speed.  
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,  
The poet too often lays low,  
Who mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,  
With, Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we  
speed

Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,  
How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,  
And the fences of virtue break down.  
Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,  
For amusement, for passion, for show,  
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,  
With, Hark forward, huzza tally ho.



## S O N G.

**Z**ELINDA long flourish'd the pride of the  
town,  
The courtiers ador'd her, the belles cry'd her  
down ;

Her feature was beauty, her motion was grace,  
Yet viewing her mind, you forgot her fair face.

Wealth, pleasure, and title, solicit in vain ;  
The foldier boasts honour, the merchant his gain ;  
But such gay delusions at distance were thrown,  
She sought for a merit might equal her own.

At length our Zelinda receiv'd the keen dart ;  
She saw it was levell'd, nor guarded her heart ;  
To honour, to virtue, she gave up the field,  
To merit like Strephon's 'twas glory to yield.

Now 'tis ap'd from the splendour and follies of life,  
The title she boasts, is the title of wife ;  
Her utmost ambition's to please her fond youth,  
They live, and are blest in the cottage of truth.

## S O N G.

**F**LOCKS are sporting, doves are courting,  
Warbling linnets sweetly sing ;  
Joy and pleasure, without measure,  
Kindly hail the glorious Spring.

Flocks are bleating, rocks repeating,  
Valleys echo back the sound ;  
Dancing, singing, piping, springing,  
Nought but mirth and joy go round.

## S O N G.

FREE from the bustle, care, and strife  
 Of this short, variegated life,  
 Oh let me spend my days,  
 In rural sweetness with a friend,  
 To whom my mind I may unbend,  
 Nor censure heed, nor praise;  
 Nor censure heed, nor praise.

Riches bring cares; I ask not wealth;  
 Let me enjoy but peace and health,  
 I envy not the great:  
 'Tis these alone can make me blest,  
 The riches take of east and west,  
 I claim not these or state.

Tho' not extravagant or near,  
 Yet thro' the well-spent chequer'd year  
 I'd have enough to live:  
 To drink a bottle with a friend,  
 Assist him in distress—Ne'er lend,  
 But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,  
 A gentle, kind, good natur'd wife,  
 Young, sensible, and fair;  
 One who could love but me alone,  
 Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,  
 And sooth my ev'ry care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,  
My life I chearfully would spend,  
    With no vain thoughts oppress'd ;  
If heaven has blest for me in store,  
O grant me this, I ask no more,  
    And I am truly blest.

S O N G.

THE early horn salutes the morn,  
    That gilds this charming place ;  
With chearful cries bid echo rise,  
    And join the jovial chace.  
    The vocal hills around,  
    The waving woods,  
    The chrystal floods,  
All, all return the enliv'ning sound.

S O N G.

HITHER, Venus, with your doves,  
    Hither, all ye little loves ;  
Round me light your wings display,  
    And bear a lover on his way.  
Oh, could I but like Jove of Old,  
Transform myself to show'ry gold,  
Or in a swan my passion shroud,  
Or wrap it in an orient cloud ;  
What looks what bars should then impede,  
Or keep me from my charming maid,

## S O N G.

**L** OVELY nymph, assuage my anguish,  
 At your feet, a tender swain  
 Prays you will not let him languish,  
 One kind look would ease his pain.  
 Did you know the lad that courts you?  
 He not long need sue in vain;  
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports,—you  
 Scarce will meet his like again.

*British Grenadiers.*

**S** OME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,  
 Of Conon, and Lyfander, and some Milliades;  
 But of all the world's brave heroes there's none  
 that can compare,  
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, to the British  
 grenadiers.  
 But of all the world's brave heroes there's none  
 that can compare.  
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, to the British  
 grenadiers.  
 None of those ancient heroes e'er saw a cannon  
 ball,  
 Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes  
 withall;

But our brave boys do know it, and banish all  
their fears,

With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British  
grenadiers. But our brave boys, &c.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the pa-  
lissades,

Our leaders march with fuses, and we with  
hand grenades,

We throw them from the glacis about our en'mies  
ears,

With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British  
grenadiers. We throw them, &c.

The god of war was pleased, and great Bel-  
lona smiles,

To see these noble heroes, of our British Isles:

And all the gods celestial, descended from their  
spheres,

Beheld with admiration the British grenadiers.

And all the gods celestial, &c.

Then let us crown a bumper, and drink a health  
to those

Who carry caps and pouches, that wear the loop-  
ed clothes.

May they and their commanders live happy all  
their days.

With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British  
grenadiers.

May they and their commanders, &c.

*Now the happy knot is ty'd.*

**N**OW the happy knot is ty'd,  
Betsey is my charming bride ;  
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,  
Revel all without controul.

Who so fair as lovely Bet !

Who so blest as Colinet !

Who so fair as lovely Bet !

Who so blest as Colinet !

Now adieu to maiden arts ;  
Angling for unguarded hearts ;  
Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,  
Lisping wanton girls and boys :  
Girls as fair as lovely Bet,  
Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe shaves of yellow corn,  
Now my plenteous barn adorn,  
Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs,  
With the fairest, sweetest flowers ;  
Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,  
Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen,  
Dress'd like any May-day queen ;  
Tho' six sweethearts daily strove,  
To deserve thy Betsey's love :  
Them I quit without regret,  
All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,  
 Crown with sports our bridal day;  
 May each lad a mistress find,  
 Like my Betsey, fair and kind,  
 And each lass a husband get,  
 Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowls  
 Revel all without controul:  
 May the sun ne'er rise or set  
 But with joy to happy Bet,  
 And her faithful Colinet.

*Lock'd in my Chest.*

**L**OCK'D in my chest I've fifty pound,  
 With four good acres of meadow ground;  
 For your bonny black eye, sweet Lauretta, I sigh;  
 Marry me, my sweet lass, you'll in plenty abound.

I've two pack-horses, a jack-ass, and sow,  
 A harrow, a harrow, spade, flail, cart, and plough,  
 Ducks, turkies, geese, hens, fourteen sheep in  
 my pens,  
 Heifer, calf, cat, and goat, and a fine milk cow.

A kettle of brags, and a pot to stew,  
 A washing tub, and a vat to brew,  
 A warming pan bright, and a dog barks by night;  
 Say, will you marry me? and I'll marry you.



*Let's be Jovial.*

**J**OLLY mortals, fill your glasses,  
 Noble deeds are done by wine;  
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces,  
 Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look within the bowl that's flowing,  
 And a thousand charms you'll find  
 More than Phillis has, tho' going  
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking;  
 Drank about at council-board:  
 He subdu'd the world by drinking,  
 More than by his conqu'ring sword.

## S O N G.

**L**OVE's a sweet, agen'rous passion,  
 That can ev'ry vice controul;  
 Round the globe, in ev'ry nation,  
 Love does humanize the soul.

Love can soften savage nature,  
 And fine sentiment impart;  
 Love can brighten up each feature,  
 And with rapture fill the heart.

Love to social friendship fires us,  
 Greatest good this side the grave!  
 Love to noble deeds inspires us,  
 Love can make e'en cowards brave.

N

See two hearts by love united,  
 Greater joy can ne'er be found ;  
 With each other they're delighted,  
 And with bliss supreme they're crown'd.

## S O N G.

**T**HE mind of a woman can never be known,  
 You never can guess it aright :  
 I'll tell you the reason, she knows not her own,  
 She changes so often e're night.  
 'Twould puzzle Apollo her whimsies to follow,  
 His oracle would be a jest ;  
     She'll frown when she's kind,  
     She'll change with the wind ;  
 And often abuses the man that she chuses,  
 And him she refuses likes best.  
 To keep them in temper, I'll tell you the way,  
 I'd have you give ear to my plan ;  
 Be merry and chearful, good-humour'd and gay,  
 And kiss them as oft as you can :  
 For while you do these, you the ladies will please,  
 Their affections you're sure for to gain ;  
     Then be of their mind,  
     And quickly you'll find,  
 'Tis better than wrangling, contending, and jangling,  
 For they'll love you, and kiss you again,

## S O N G.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be ;  
 For what can this world more afford,  
 Than a girl that will socially sit on my knee,  
 And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd,  
 My brave boys ?

See, my vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,  
 Tap the cask, for the wine we will try ;  
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,  
 And as bright as her cheeks to your eye,  
 My brave boys.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and the bins are  
 well fill'd ;  
 View that heap of Champaign in the rear !  
 Those bottles are Burgundy ; see how they're pil'd,  
 Like artillery, tier upon tier,  
 My brave boys.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,  
 All gloriously ranged in view ;  
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks  
 As kingdoms I've got to subdue,  
 My brave boys.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,  
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;

The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,  
 For I hate that a bumper should stand,  
 My brave boys.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,  
 No *hic jacet* engrav'd on my stone;  
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,  
 And say, that my drinking is done,  
 My brave boys.

## S O N G.

YOUNG Colin having much to say  
 In secret to a maid,  
 Persuaded her to leave the hay,  
 And seek th' embow'ring shade.  
 And after roving with his mate,  
 Where none could hear or see,  
 Upon the velvet ground they sat,  
 Under the greenwood tree.

Your charms, says Colin, warm my breast,  
 What must I for them give?  
 Nor night nor day can I have rest,  
 I can't without you live!  
 My flocks, my herds, my all are thine,  
 Could you and I agree;  
 Oh say, you to my wish incline,  
 Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,  
 The wary lass replies;  
 A lad, who must not sue in vain,  
 Now for my favour tries:  
 He bids me name the sacred day;  
 In all things we agree:  
 Then why should you and I now stay  
 Under the greenwood tree?

All this but serv'd to fire his mind,  
 He knew not what to do:  
 Till to his suit she would be kind,  
 He would not let her go.  
 His love, his wealth, the youth display'd;  
 No longer coy was she;  
 At church she seal'd the vow she made  
 Under the greenwood tree.

*Galla-Water.*

**B**RAW, braw lads of Galla-water,  
 O braw lads of Galla-water!  
 I'll kilt my coats below my knee,  
 And follow my love thro' the water.  
 Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,  
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
 I aften kifs her till I'm wearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,  
 O'er yon moss among the heather,

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love thro' the water.  
 Down amang the broom, the broom,  
 Down amang the broom, my dearie,  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 That gart her greet till she was wearie.

## S O N G.

**A**ND fare ye weel, my auld wife,  
 Sing bum, be bery, bum ;  
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife,  
 Sing bum, bum, bum.  
 Fare ye weel, my auld wife,  
 The steerer up o' stunt and strife ;  
 The malt's aboon the meal the night  
 Wi' some, some, some.

And fare ye weel my pyke-staff,  
 Sing bum, be bery, bum ;  
 Fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,  
 Sing bum, bum, bum :  
 Fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,  
 Wi' you nae mair my wife I'll baff ;  
 The malt's aboon the meal the night  
 Wi' some, some, some.

---

S O N G.

**I** MUST have a wife, whatsoe'er she be,  
If she be a woman, that's enough for me.  
Buy broom-besoms, you may buy them now,  
Fine heather-rangers, better never grew.

If that she be bonny, O the joy that's there!  
If that she is ugly, shall not meikle care.  
Buy broom-besoms, wha'll buy them now?  
Fine heather-rangers, better never grew.

If that she be young, happy shall I be,  
If that she be auld, the sooner she will die.  
Buy broom-besoms, wha'll buy them now?  
Fine heather-rangers, better never grew.

If she loves a drappie, her and I will 'gree,  
If she loves it not, there's the more for me.  
Buy broom-besoms, wha'll buy them now?  
Fine heather-rangers, better never grew.

Young and supple was I when I leapt the dyke,  
Now I'm auld and frail, I downa lift my leg.  
Buy broom-besoms, wha'll buy them now?  
Fine heather-rangers, better never grew.

I will take my new broom-besoms to the fair,  
Sell them all by dozens, where's my profit there?  
Buy broom-besoms, wha'll buy them now?  
Fine heather-rangers, better never grew.



I will take the besoms, tie them on my back;  
Besoms for a penny, rangers for a plack.

Buy broom-besoms, wha'll buy them now?  
Fine heather-rangers, better never grew.

What care I for besoms? what care I for broom?  
I have got a wife, I shall not lye my lane.

Buy broom-besoms, wha'll buy them now?  
Fine heather-rangers, better never grew.

Hark ye, bonny lasses! dinna marry soon,  
Tkea advice frae Geordie, who did cut your  
broom.

Buy broom-besoms, wha'll buy them now?  
Fine heather-rangers better never grew.

### S O N G.

WHEN the men a-courting came,  
Flatt'ring with their prittle prattle;  
Of their fool'ries I made game,  
Rallied with my tittle tattle.  
Cooing to me; wooing to me,  
Teazing of me; pleasing of me,  
Off'ring pelf, each silly elf  
Came cooing, wooing, and bowing to me.

The divine, with looks demure,  
Talk'd of tithes, and eating plenty;  
Shew'd the profits of his cure,  
And vow'd to treat me with each dainty.  
Cooing to me, &c.

The learn'd serjeant of the law  
Shew'd his parchments, briefs, and papers;  
In his deeds I found a flaw,  
So dismiss'd him in the vapours,  
Cooing to me, &c.

Physic now display'd his wealth,  
With his nostrums; but the fact is,  
I resolv'd to keep my health,  
Nor die a martyr to his practice.  
Cooing to me, &c.

But at last a swain bow'd low,  
Candid, handsome, tall, and clever,  
Squeez'd my hand—I can't tell how,  
But he won my heart for ever.

Cooing to me, wooing to me,  
Teazing of me, pleasing of me.  
Offering pelf, each silly elf,  
I sent all other wooers from me.

*The Maid that tends the Goats.*

UP amang yon clifsy rocks,  
Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
To the maid that tends the goats,  
Lilting o'er her native notes.  
Hark, she sings, " Young Sandy's kind,  
" An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me ;

- " Here's a brotch, I ne'er shall tine,  
" Till he's fairly marry'd to me;  
" Drive away, ye drone time,  
" And bring about our bridal day.
- " Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
" Aften does he blaw the whistle;  
" In a strain sae softly sweet,  
" Lammies listning dare na bleat.  
" He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
" Hardy as the Highland heather;  
" Wading thro' the winter snow,  
" Keeping ay his flock together;  
" But a plaid wi' bare houghs,  
" He braves the bleakest norlin' blast.
- " Bravely he can dance and sing  
" Canty glee or Highland cronach :  
" Nane can ever match his sing  
" At a reel or round a ring.  
" Wightly can he wield a rung;  
" In a brawl he's ay the bangster :  
" A' his praise can ne'er be sung,  
" By the langest winded sangster.  
" Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
" Comes short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.



*Jenny's Heart was frank and free.*

JENNY's heart was frank and free,  
And wooers she had mony yet,  
Her sang was aye, "Of a' I see,  
"Command me to my Johnnie yet.  
"For ear' and late, he has sic gate  
"To make a body cheary, that  
"I wish to be, before I die,  
"His ain kind deary yet."

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,  
Her shape was fina' and genty like,  
And few or nane in a' the place  
Had gowd and gear mair plenty yet.  
Tho' war's alarms, and Johnnie's charms,  
Had gart her aft look eerie yet,  
She sung wi' glee, "I hope to be  
"My Johnnie's ain kind deary yet.

"What tho' he's now gaen far awa,  
"Where guns and cannons rattle yet,  
"Unless my Johnnie chance to fa'  
"In some uncanny battle, yet,  
"Till he return, his breast will burn  
"Wi' love that will confound me yet,  
"For I hope to see, before I die,  
"His bairns a' dance round me yet,

*My ain kind Deary O.*

**W**ILL ye gang o'er the lee-rig,  
My ain kind deary O !  
And cuddle there so kindly  
Wi' me, my kind deary O !

At thornie dike, and birken tree,  
We'll daff, and ne'er be weary O ;  
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,  
Mine ain kind deary O !

Nae herds wi' kent or colly there,  
Shall ever come to fear ye O ;  
But lavrocks; whistling in the air,  
Shall woo, like me, their deary O !

While others herd their lambs and ewes,  
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,  
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,  
Wi' you, my kind deary O !

*The mucking o' Geordie's Byar.*

**A**S I went over yon meadow,  
And carelessly passed along,  
I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny  
While mournfully singing this song:

The mucking of Geordie's byar,  
And the shoollin' the griup so clean,  
Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,  
And brought the sa't tears in my een.

It was not my father's pleasure,  
Nor was it my mother's desire,  
That ever I spoil'd my fingers,  
Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byar.  
The mucking, &c.

Though the roads they were ever so dirty,  
Or the day it were ever so foul,  
I would ay be ganging wi' Geordie,  
I lik'd it far better than school.  
The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily,  
For being wi' Geordie so free,  
My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,  
Because he's below my degree.  
The mucking, &c.

But well do I like my young Geordie,  
Altho' he was cunning and flee;  
He ca's me his dear and his honey,  
And I'm sure that my Geordie loes me.  
The mucking, &c.



*Rattlin' Roarin' Willie,*

O Rattlin', roarin' Willie,  
 O he held to the fair,  
 An' for to sell his fiddle,  
 And buy some other ware;  
 But parting wi' his fiddle,  
 The saut tear blin't his ee':  
 And rattlin' roarin' Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 O sell your fiddle so fine;  
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine.  
 If I should sell my fiddle,  
 The warl' would think I was mad,  
 For mony a rantin' day  
 My fiddle and I ha'e had.

As I came in by Crochallan,  
 I cannily keekit ben,  
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie  
 Was sitting at yon board en',  
 Was sitting at yon board en',  
 And amang guid companie,  
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me.



*Duncan Davidfon.*

THERE was a lafs, they ca'd her Meg,  
 And ſhe held o'er the the moor to ſpin ;  
 There was a lad that follow'd her,  
 They ca'd him Duncan Davidfon.  
 The moor was dreigh, and Meg was ſkeigh,  
 Her favour Duncan cou'dna win :  
 For wi' the rock ſhe wad him knock,  
 And ay ſhe ſhook the temper pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foot,  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
 Upon the banks they eas'd their ſhanks,  
 And ay ſhe ſet the wheel between :  
 But Duncan ſwore a haily aith,  
 That Meg ſhould be a bride the morn,  
 Then Meg took up her ſpinnin' graith,  
 And ſlang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee houſe,  
 And we will live like king and queen ;  
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,  
 When ye ſet by the wheel at e'en.  
 A man may drink and no be drunk,  
 A man may feight and no be ſlain ;  
 A man may kiſs a bonny lafs,  
 And ay be welcome back again.

*Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary.*

**I**N coming by the brig o' Dye,  
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;  
As day was dawin' in the sky,  
We drank a health to bonie Mary.  
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,  
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,  
Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,  
Kissen Theniel's bonie Mary.

Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white,  
Her haffet locks, as brown's a berry;  
And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,  
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies', &c.

He lap and danc'd the lee lang day,  
Till piper lads were wae and weary:  
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,  
For kissing Theniel's bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies', &c.

*Duncan Gray.*

**W**EARY fa' you, Duncan Gray,  
Ha ha, the girdin' o't,

Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,

Ha ha the girdin' o't.

When a the lave gae to their play,

Then I maun sit the lee lang day,

And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,

And a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon,

Ha ha the girdin' o't,

Glowin' a' the hills aboon,

Ha ha the girdin' o't:

The girdin' brak, the beast came down,

I tint my curch, and baith my shoon,

And, Duncan, ye're an unco loun;

Wae on the bad girdin' o't.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

Ha ha the girdin' o't,

I'll bless you wi' my hindmost breath,

Ha ha the girdin' o't.

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

The beast again can bear us baith,

And auld Mefs John will mend the skaith,

And clout the bad girdin' o't.

*New Set of Mary's Dream.*

THE moon had clim'd the highest hill,

Which rises o'er the source of Dee,

And from the eastern summit shed

Her silver light on tow'r and tree :

When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
When soft and low a voice was heard,  
Say, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
Her head, to ask who there might be ?  
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow ee.

" O Mary, dear, cold is my clay,  
" It lies beneath a stormy sea :  
" Far, far from thee I sleep in death ;  
" So, Mary, weep no more for me.

" Three stormy nights, and stormy days,  
" We tofs'd upon the raging main :  
" And long we strove our bark to save,  
" But all our striving was in vain.  
" Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
" My heart was fill'd with love for thee ;  
" The storm is past, and I at rest,  
" So, Mary, weep no more for me.

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
" We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
" Where love is free from doubt and care,  
" And thou and I shall part no more !"

Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see ;  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !"

*The Description.*

**A**TTEND, ye nymphs, whilst I impart,  
The secret wishes of my heart ;  
And tell that swain, if one there be,  
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,  
Let honour all his actions guide ;  
Stedfast in virtue let him be,  
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,  
With pure good nature sweetly join'd ;  
Sure friend to modest merit be,  
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,  
Where grief bedews the melting eye,  
Melting in sympathy I see,  
The swain design'd for love and me.

*New Tally ho.*

**T**HE Hunters are up, and the ruddy-fac'd  
morn,  
Most cheerful salute with the musical horn,

The blue misty mountains seem join'd with the  
skies,

And the dogs yelp aloud as away Reynard flies:  
Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,  
The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

The high-mettled steed sweeps away at the sound,  
And the hills seem to move, as they fly o'er the  
ground ;

Each prospect is charming, all nature is gay,  
And promises sport and success thro' the day ;  
Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,  
The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

The goddess of pleasure, sweet rosy-cheek'd health,  
Gives joys more abundant than titles or wealth ;  
And appetite gives to their viands a zest,  
Above all the sauces by cooks ever dress'd.  
Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,  
The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

Huzza ! then, my boys, to the chase let's away,  
Nor in indolence lose the delights of the day :  
From fashion and folly we borrow no grace,  
But joy paints the cheeks as we follow the chase,  
Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,  
The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

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*One Bottle more.*

**A**SSIST me, ye lads, who have hearts void  
of guile,  
To sing in the praise of old Ireland's isle,  
Where true hospitality opens the door,  
And friendship detains us for one bottle more.  
One bottle more, arra', one bottle more,  
And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear :  
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true  
and sincere,  
For if but one bottle remain'd in our store,  
We have gen'rous hearts to give that bottle more.

In Candy's in Church-Street I'll sing of a set  
Of six Irish blades who together had met ;  
Four bottles a piece made us call for our score.  
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,  
For friendship had grappled each man by the  
heart ;  
Where the least touch you know makes an Irish-  
man roar,  
And the whack from shillella, brought *six* bottles  
more.



Slow Phœbus had shone thro' our window so  
 bright,  
 Quite happy to view his blest children of light ;  
 So we parted, with hearts neither sorry nor fore,  
 Resolving next night to drink *twelve* bottles more.

*Thou soft flowing Avon.*

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,  
 Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespear  
 would dream,  
 The fairies, by moonlight, dance round his green  
 bed,  
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head:  
 The fairies, by moonlight, &c.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,  
 Here love without danger, and sigh without pain;  
 The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall her  
 dread,  
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their  
 truth,  
 And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth :  
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread ;  
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow !  
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than  
snow !  
Ever full be thy stream ; like his fame may it  
spread !  
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his  
head.

*The Mulberry Tree.*

**B**EHOLD this fair goblet 'twas carv'd from the  
tree,

Which, oh my sweet Shakespeare, was planted  
by thee ;

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,  
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree ;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd mulberry ;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,  
Who spread round your branches, whose heads  
sweep the sky ;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,  
To root out the natives at prices so dear :

All shall yield, &c.

The Oak is held royal, is Briton's great boast,  
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our  
coast:

Of the fir we make ships ; there are thousands  
that fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.  
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,  
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers ;  
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,  
With the sweetest of flowers, and the fairest of  
fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd  
birch

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church ;  
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,  
He gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree ;  
From him and his merits this takes its degree ;  
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,  
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright  
day

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;

So the tree which he planted, by making his own,  
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,  
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;  
Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,  
To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree ;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd mulberry ;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

*My Name's Honest Harry, O.*

**M**Y name is Honest Harry O,  
Mary I will marry O ;

In spite of Nell, or Isabel,

I'll follow my own vagary O.

With my rigdum jigum airy O,

I love little Mary O,

In spite of Nell, or Isabel,

I'll follow my own vagary O.

Smart she is and bonny O,

Sweet as sugarcandy O,

P

Fresh and gay,  
 As flow'rs in May,  
 And I'm her Jack a dandy O.  
 With my, &c.

Soon to church I'll have her O  
 Where we'll wed together O ;  
 And that, that done,  
 Then we'll have fun,  
 In spite of wind and weather O.

With my rigdum jigum airy O,  
 I love little Mary O ;  
 In spite of Nell, or Isabell,  
 I'll follow my own vagary O.



*Female Liberty Regain'd.*

**T**HOU' man has long boasted an absolute sway.  
 While woman's hard fate was love, honour,  
 obey ;  
 At length over wedlock fair Liberty dawns,  
 And the Lords of Creation must pull in their  
 horns ;  
 For Hymen among ye proclaims his decree,  
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be  
 free.

Away with your doubts, your surmises and fears,  
 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers;  
 Enlist at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease,  
 And make of your husbands what creatures you  
 please:

To arms then, ye fair ones, and let the world see,  
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be  
 free.

The rights of your sex wou'd you e'er see re-  
 stor'd

Your tongues shou'd be us'd as a two-edged sword;  
 That ear-piercing weapon each husband must  
 dread,

Who thinks on the marks you may place on his  
 head:

Then wisely unite till the men all agree,  
 That woman, dear woman, shall ever be free.

No more shall the wife, all meek as a lamb,  
 Be subject to "Zounds, do you know who I  
 am?"

Domestic politeness shall flourish again,  
 When women take courage to govern the men;  
 Then stand to your charter, and let the world see,  
 Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be  
 free.

*The borrow'd kiss.*

SEE, I languish ! see, I faint !  
 I must borrow, beg, or steal :  
 Can you see a soul in want,  
 And no kind compassion feel ?  
 Give, or lend, or let me take  
 One sweet kiss ; I ask no more ;  
 One sweet kiss, for pity's sake ;  
 I'll repay it o'er and o'er.

Chloe heard, and with a smile,  
 Kind, compassionate, and sweet !  
 " Colin, 'tis a sin to steal,  
 " And for me to give's not meet ;  
 " But I'll lend a kiss or twain  
 " To poor Colin in distress ;  
 " Not but I'll be paid again,  
 " Colin, I mean nothing less."

*The kiss repaid.*

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiss.  
 I, alas ! am quite undone !  
 'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,  
 A thousand will not pay that one.  
 Lest the debt should break your heart,  
 (Roguish Chloe, smiling, cries)  
 Come, a thousand, then, in part,  
 For the present shall suffice.



S O N G.

**S**WEETEST of pretty maids, et Cupid in-  
cline thee

T' accept of a faithful heart, which now I resign  
thee ;

Scorning all selfish ends, regardless of money,  
It yields only to the girl that's gen'rous and  
bonny.

Take me, Jenny,

Let me win you,

While I'm in the humour ;

I implore you,

I adore you,

What mortal can do more ?

Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,

There's my hand, there's my hand, 'twill never  
beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips de-  
lighting,

Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck, thy round arms in-  
viting ;

Oft at the milk-white churn with rapture I've  
seen them,

But, oh! how I've sigh'd and wish'd my own arms  
between them !

Take me, &c.

I've store of sheep, my love, and goats on the  
 mountain,  
 And water to brew good ale from yon crystal  
 fountain ;  
 I've too a pretty cote, with garden and land  
 to't ;  
 But all will be doubly sweet if you put a hand  
 to't.

Take me, Jenny, &c.

## S O N G.

YOU gentlemen of Britain,  
 Who live at home at ease,

How little do you think

On the dangers of the seas !

While pleasure does surround you,

Our cares you cannot know,

Or the pain on the main

When the stormy winds do blow !

Or the pain, &c.

The sailor must have courage,

No danger he must shun ;

In every kind of weather

His course he still must run :

Now mounted on the top-mast,

How dreadful 'tis below !

Then we ride on the tide,

When the stormy winds do blow :

Proud France, again insulting,  
 Does British valour dare ;  
 Our flag we must support now,  
 And thunder in the war :  
 To humble them, come on, my lads,  
 And lay their lilies low :  
 Clear the way for the fray,  
 Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

Old Neptune shakes his trident,  
 The billows mount on high ;  
 Their shells the Tritons sounding,  
 The flashing lightnings fly :  
 The watery grave now opens,  
 All dreadful, from below,  
 When the waves move the seas,  
 And the stormy winds do blow !

But when the danger's over,  
 And safe we come on shore,  
 The horrors of the tempest  
 We think of then no more :  
 The flowing bowl invites us,  
 And joyfully we go ;  
 All the day drink away,  
 Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

---

*Hark away.*

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,  
I put on my clothes, and I call'd for my  
groom ;

Will Whistle, by this, had uncoupl'd the hounds ;  
Who lively and mettlesome frisk'd o'er the  
grounds.

And now were all saddl'd, fleet, dapple, and grey :  
Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, hark  
away.

Hark away ; hark away, &c.

'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the morn ;  
And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn ;  
Jack, Garter, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the  
goose,

When all of a sudden, out starts Mrs Puff ;  
Men, horses and dogs, not a moment would stay,  
And echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away.

The course was a fine one she took o'er the plain,  
Which she doubl'd, and doubl'd, and doubl'd  
again,

Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath ;  
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death.  
Then, in triumph, for you I the hare did display ;  
And cry'd to the horns, boys, Hark, hark a-  
way.

---

*Andro and his Cutty Gun.*

**B**LITHE, blithe, blithe was she,  
 Blithe was she butt and ben;  
 And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in, and set me down,  
 And heght to keep me lawin-free:  
 But, cunning carlin that she was,  
 She gart me birlle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor weel enough:  
 But waes my heart my cash was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toon'd our stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,  
 Wi' girdle-cakes weel toasted brown;  
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.  
 We ca'd the bicker aft about;  
 Till dawning we ne'er jeed our burn;  
 And ay the clearest drinker out  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
 And as I in his oxter fat,

He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a fappy kiß I gat.  
 I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,  
 I ha'e been far ayont the sun,  
 But the blitheft lad that e'er I saw  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

## S O N G.

**B**Y the gaily circling glafs  
 We can see how minutes pass;  
 By the hollow cask are told  
 How the waning night grows old,  
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day  
 Drives us from our sports away:  
 What have we with day to do?  
 Sons of care! 'twas made for you,  
 Sons of care! 'twas made for you.

## S O N G.

**C**OME, now, all ye social powers,  
 Shed your infl'ence o'er us;  
 Crown with joy the present hours,  
 Enliven those before us:  
 Bring the flask, the music bring,  
 Joy shall quickly find us;  
 Sport, and dance, and laugh, and sing,  
 And cast dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,  
Source of gen'rous passion :  
No r will we ever low before  
Those idols, Wealth or Fashion.  
Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague shou'd we be sad,  
Whilst on earth we moulder ;  
Rich, or poor, or grave, or mad,  
We ev'ry day grow older.  
Bring the flask, &c.

Friendship ! O thy smile's divine,  
Bright in ev'ry feature ;  
What but friendship, love, and wine,  
Can make us happy creatures.  
Bring the flask, &c.

Since the time will steal away,  
Spite of all our sorrow,  
Let's be blithe and gay to-day,  
And never mind to morrow.  
Bring the flask, the music bring,  
Joy shall quickly find us ;  
Sport, and dance, and laugh, and sing,  
And cast dull care behind us.

S O N G.

DAUGHTER, you're too young to marry ;  
'Tis too soon to be a wife ;



Yet a little longer tarry,  
 Ere ye know the cares of life.  
 Wedlock is a fickle station,  
 Sometimes sweetness, sometimes strife;  
 Oh ! how great the alteration  
 'Twixt the maiden and the wife !  
 Love and courtship are but stupid,  
 Glory has superior charms ;  
 Mars should triumph over Cupid,  
 When Bellona calls to arms :  
 As for you, Sir, do your duty,  
 Oh ! were I but young again,  
 I'd not linger after beauty,  
 But go play my part with Spain.

*A Favourite Scots Rondeau.*

**Y**E nymphs, 'tis true, to Colin's strain  
 I've often listen'd in the grove,  
 And can you blame me that a swain  
 Like Colin should engage my love.

Alas ! could I my heart secure,  
 Unless to worth and merit blind ;  
 Ah ! say cou'd you yourselves endure,  
 To slight a swain so true and kind.

When truth conveys the tender tale,  
 And honour breathes the shepherd's sigh ;  
 Love o'er discretion will prevail,  
 To shun its power in vain we try,

S O N G.

A T fetting day and rising morn,  
With soul that still shall love thee,  
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,  
With all that can improve thee.  
I'll visit oft the birken bush,  
Where first you kindly told me  
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
Whilst round thou didst infold me.  
To all our haunts thou didst repair,  
By greenwood, shade, or fountain,  
Or where the summer's day I'd share,  
With you upon the mountain.  
There will I tell the trees and flowers,  
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
By vows your're mine, my love is your's,  
My heart which cannot wander.

S O N G.

F AIR Hebe I left with a cautious design  
To escape from her charms, and to drown  
them in wine ;  
I try'd it; but found, when I came to depart,  
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.  
I repair'd to my Reason, intreated her aid,  
Who paus'd on my case and each circumstance  
weigh'd ;

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,  
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

'That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be  
taught,

I came for your counsel to find out a fault.  
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,  
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,  
While like lightening she darts through each  
throbbing vein ?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,  
And Reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

*Johnny comes To-morrow.*

**W**ISH me joy, ye nymphs and swains,  
Johnny comes to-morrow ;

He shall quickly glad the plains,  
Banish care and sorrow :

He had left us now too long,  
Robb'd us of our treasure ;  
But he will bring us dance and song,  
And every smiling pleasure.

If I've time I'll deck the bow'r,  
Once my swain delighting,  
Twine it round with many a flower,  
And with sweets inviting :

There he talk'd so well of love,  
Won my heart from sorrow,  
There on wings of haste I'll rove,  
He'll be there to-morrow.

Come, my shepherd, quickly come,  
Where canst thou be staying ?  
Love, who wants thee now at home,  
Chides thy long delaying :  
From to-day I'll never rove,  
But be blithe and bonny ;  
For I never more shall live,  
Without my sweetheart Johnny.

*The Jolly Toper.*

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby-nos'd sot,  
Who never yet thought of treason, or plot :  
A bottle that's mellow is the chief of my cares,  
And I guzzle each night, till I'm carried up  
stairs.

On the tombs of the brave one's, the wealthy,  
and wife,  
We are only inform'd, that " under he lies ;"  
'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale,  
So I now drown the thoughts on't in flaggons  
of ale.

They may name me sot, blockhead, or e'en what  
they will ;

But if wealth, nor if riches, nor wisdom or skill,  
Can their owners preserve from a church-yard  
or priest,

Why, I'll live as I like it—for method's a jest.

On the lesson of Nature it is that I think,  
For she taught me to love, and she taught me to  
drink ;

To my pleasures full power she taught me to  
give,

And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money, good store o't, and spend it I must ;  
Be roaring and merry, but honest and just,  
'That, cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,  
He's gone and he's welcome—there's nothing to  
pay.

## S O N G.

**M**Y bottle is my wife and friend ;  
If dull, her spirits cheer me ;  
Whenever Rory would unbend,  
Oh how her kisses cheer me !

### CHORUS.

Lovely bottle warms my throttle,  
Makes me niddle, noddle, queerly,

Stammer, stumble, reel and tumble,  
Wimble, wamble, dearly.

She is my doctor, and my nurse,  
My champion in a hobble ;  
Atho' she empties oft my purse,  
She makes my blood right noble.  
Lovely bottle, &c.

When by the middle I seize my wife,  
She fires me with love stories :  
As I'm wedded to her firm for life,  
I'll dance and sing her glories.  
Lovely bottle, &c.

### S O N G.

**G**RANT me, ye gods, some calm retreat,  
Where I may pass my days ;  
Free from the low mean follies of the great ;  
Free from the vulgar's envious hate,  
And careless of their praise.

Bless'd with one faithful female friend,  
There let my time slide on ;  
And when my ev'ning sun shall downwards tend,  
When fleeting life is at an end,  
I'll quietly be gone.

S O N G.

**B**EHOLD the god Bacchus,  
Oft mention'd by Flaccus,  
To mortals affords good advice ;  
I'll grant store of claret,  
Then drink and ne'er spare it,  
'Twill balm every care in a trice.

Deep draughts of Canary  
Will make us all merry,  
While Beauty in vain rolls her eye :  
No more she can vex,  
We'll love the whole sex,  
But ne'er for one female will sigh.

If grief should assail us,  
Philosophy fail us,  
Sure comfort is found in good wine ;  
If the heart feels a wound,  
No cure can be found,  
No doctor like juice of the vine.

S O N G.

**T**HE busy crew the sails unbending,  
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd ;  
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,  
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.



His rigging, no one dar'd attack it,  
Tight fore and aft ; above, below ;  
Long quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,  
And trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,  
He flew like light'ning to the side ;  
Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,  
Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd  
From her neat made hat of straw ;  
Red were her cheeks when first she utter'd,  
It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,  
While, secure from all alarms,  
Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,  
They dart into each others arms.

*The Fishmonger's Lamentation.*

**F**ISHWIVES, I have lost my wife !  
Have you seen my Sarah ?  
The pride and comfort of my life,  
My kind, my best, my dear—a !  
She went out this afternoon ;  
Ah ! that I knew whither !  
If I thought her in the moon  
C—se me, but I'd go thither !

But I'll first my Sarah seek  
All around the city ;  
'Tears bedew me while I speak,  
Fishwives, do me pity.  
Lay, oh ! lay your baskets by,  
You vociferous sounders—  
Sarah, Sarah, Sarah cry,  
Instead of cod and flounders.

*Favourite Songs in the new Opera  
of Marion.*

*Air, by Mrs Billington.*

BY the osiers so dank,  
As we sat on the bank  
And look'd at the swell of the billow,  
This basket he wove  
As a token of love ;  
Alas ! 'twas the branch of the willow.

Now sad all the day  
Thro' the meadows I stray,  
And rest flies at night from my pillow :  
The garland I wore  
From my ringlets I tore,  
Alas ! must I wear the green willow ?

*Air, by Mr Johnston.*

Ye happy pairs, sincere and kind,  
'Tis here you taste each joy refin'd ;  
Fair truth and love delight to dwell  
At yonder cottage on the dell.

How dear sweet Marian's artless sighs !  
Her's the mild eloquence of eyes,  
When constancy's all-cheering ray  
Drives every jealous thought away,

Light as the fairy step at morn,  
Swift passing o'er th' unbending corn ;  
All other pleasures weakly move  
The heart awake to generous love.

Far hence be doubt and tender fears ;  
How blest the life which love endears !  
When truth informs the glowing cheek,  
O, love ! thy transports who can speak ?

*Air, sung by Mr Blanchard.*

When little, on the village green  
We play'd, I learn'd to love her ;  
She seem'd to me some fairy queen,  
So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With every simple childish art  
I try'd each day to move her ;  
The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart  
To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flower to deck her breast  
I chose an infant lover ;  
I stole the goldfinch from its nest,  
To give to Patty Clover.

*Air, by Mr Darbey.*

How blest our condition ? how jocund our day ?  
Ye swains, can our pleasures be told ?  
To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,  
To lead the fray lamb to the fold.

To fetch up the kine for the maiden we love,  
And guard her from noon's burning beam ;  
To guide her dear steps, when she leads thro'  
the grove  
The heifer which pants for the stream.

To carry her pail, when with milk it o'erflows,  
To wait while she rests on the stile ;  
To gather the king-cup, the woodbine, or rose,  
To make her a posy the while.

---

*Hunting Song, by Mr Bowden.*

**T**O the chace, to the chace; on the brow of  
the hill

Let the hounds meet the sweet-breathing morn;  
Whilst full to the welkin, their notes clear and  
shrill,

Join the sound of the heart-cheering horn.  
What music celestial, when urging the race,  
Sweet echo repeats, ' **To the chace, to the chace:**

Our pleasures transport us, how gay flies the  
hour,

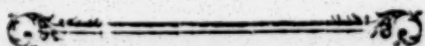
Sweet health and quick spirits attend;  
Not sweeter when evening convenes to the  
bower,

And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend.  
See the stag just before us; he starts at the cry:  
He stops—his strength fails—speak, my friends,  
must he die?

His innocent aspect, whilst standing at bay,  
His expression of anguish and pain,  
All plead for compassion—your looks seem to say,  
Let him bound o'er his forests again.

Quick, release him, to dart o'er the neighbouring  
plain,

Let him live—let him bound o'er his forest  
again.



*A favourite Song.*

**M**Y Sandy is the sweetest swain  
That ever pip'd on Tay,  
He tends his sheep on verdant plains,  
And cheers me all the day :  
For O ! he is so blythe a lad,  
A blyther canna be ;  
Whene'er he's nigh, my heart is glad,  
For dearly he loves me.

As on a mossy bank we sat,  
Beneath a fragrant shade,  
The youth he charm'd me with his chat,  
And on his bagpipe play'd :  
For O ! he is, &c.

He calls me his dear life and care,  
And his own Meggy too ;  
He vows, by all that's good and fair,  
To me he will prove true.  
For O ! he is, &c.

So I will prize my lovely swain,  
And yield to be his wife ;  
Then bid adieu to care and pain,  
And so be blest'd for life.  
For O ! he is, &c.

---

*Young Jamie.*

**W**HERE new-mown hay, on winding Tay,  
 The sweets of spring discloses,  
 As I one morning finging lay,  
 Upon a bank of roses,  
 Young Jamie, skipping o'er the mead,  
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me,  
 He took his bonnet off his head,  
 And gently fat down by me.  
     O my bonny Jamie,-O ;  
     O my bonny Jamie-O ;  
 I care not though the world should know  
 How dearly I love my Jamie-O.

The swain though I right meikle prize,  
 Yet now I wadna ken him,  
 But with a frown my heart disguise,  
 And strave awa to send him ;  
 But fondly he still nearer press'd,  
 And at my feet down lying ;  
 His beating heart it thump'd so fast  
 I thought the lad was dying.  
     O my bonny Jamie, &c.

But still resolving to deny,  
 And angry accents reigning,  
 I often roughly shot him by,  
 With words fu' of disclaiming :



He seiz'd my hand, and nearer drew,  
 And gently chiding on my pride;  
 So sweetly did the shepherd vow  
 I blushing vow'd to be his bride.

O my bonny Jamie, &c.

*The Banks of Tay.*

ON thy banks, gentle Tay, when I breath'd  
 the soft lute,  
 To my Chloe's sweet accents attention fate mute;  
 To her voice with what transport I swell'd the  
 flow strain,  
 Or return'd dying measures in echoes again:  
 Little Cupid beat time, and the Graces around  
 Taught, with even divisions, to vary the sound.  
 From my Chloe remov'd when I did it complain,  
 And warble smooth numbers to sooth love-sick  
 pain,  
 How much alter'd it seems as the rising notes  
 flow,  
 And the soft falling strains how insipidly flow;  
 I will play then no more, for its her voice alone  
 Must enrapture my soul to enliven its tone.

*A Favourite Song.*

O! The days when I was young,  
 When I laugh'd at fortune's spite,  
 Talk'd of love all the day long,  
 And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old father, Care,

Little reck'd I of thy frown :

Hail thy malice youth could bear,

And the rest a bumper drown.

O ! the days, &c.

Truth they say lives in a well,

Why, I vow, I ne'er cou'd see ;

Let the water-drinkers tell,

There it always lay for me.—O ! the days, &c.

For, when sparkling wine went round,

Never saw I falsehood's mask :

But still honest truth I found

At the bottom of each flask.

O ! the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,

I have years to bring decay ;

Few the locks that now I own,

And the few I have are grey.

O ! the days, &c.

Yet, old Jerome, thou mayest boast,

While thy spirits do not tire ;

Still beneath thy age's frost,

Glow's a spark of youthful fire.

O ! the days, &c.

*Friend and Lover.*

I'M told by the wise ones, a maid I shall die ;

They say I'm too nice, but the charge I deny ;

I know but too well how the time flies along,  
 That we live but few years, and fewer are young:  
 But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy,  
 Whole ages of sorrow for moments of joy;  
 I never will wed, till a youth I can find,  
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

No pedant, tho' learned, or foolishly gay,  
 Or laughing, because he has nothing to say;  
 To every fair one obliging and free,  
 But never be loving to any but me:  
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,  
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsels  
     can guide:  
 Such a youth I would marry, if such I could  
     find,  
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

From such a dear lover, as I here describe,  
 No dangers shall fright me, nor millions should  
     bribe:  
 But till this astonishing creature I know,  
 I am single, and happy, and still will be so:  
 You may laugh, and suppose I am nicer than  
     wife,  
 But I'll shun the dull fop, the dull coxcomb de-  
     pise;  
 Nor e'er will I marry till the youth I can find,  
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

*Through the Wood, Laddie.*

O Sandy ! why leav'st thou thy Nelly to  
mourn ?

Thy presence could ease me,  
When naething can please me :  
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,  
Or thro' the wood, laddie until, thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are  
clear,

While lav'rocks are singing,  
And primroses springing,  
Yet nane of them pleases mine eye nor mine ear,  
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,  
I'm fash'd with their scorning  
Baith ev'ning and morning,  
Their jeering gaes aft, to my heart wi' a knell,  
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,  
But quick as an arrow,  
Haste here to thy marrow,  
Wha's living in languor to that happy day,  
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,  
and play.

*Thro' the Wood Lassie.*

O Neily ! no longer thy Sandy now mourns,  
Let music and pleasure  
Abound without measure,

Let music and pleasure, &c.

O'er hillocks, or mountains, or low in the burn,  
Or thro' the wood, lassie, until thou return,  
Thro' the wood lassie, thro' the wood, lassie,  
Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,  
Thro' the wood lassie,  
O'er hillocks, or mountains, &c.

Since I have been absent from thee, my dear  
Nell,

No content, no delight,  
Have I known day or night,  
The murmuring stream, and the hill's echo, tell,  
How thro' the wood, lassie, I breath'd my sad  
kneil,

Thro' the wood, &c.

And now to all sorrow I'll bid full adieu,

And with joy like a dove,

I'll return to my love :

The maxim of loving in truth let us know,

Then thro' the wood, lassie, we'll bonnily go.

Thro' the wood, &c.

Come lads and come lassies, be blithesome and  
gay,

Let your hearts merry be,

And both full of glee:

The Highlands shall ring with the joy of the  
day,

When thro' the wood, happy, we'll dance, sing,  
and play

Thro' the wood, &c.

*Arthur O'Bradly.*

'TWAS in the month of May,

The maidens they did say,

A garland they would have,

That was both gallant and brave:

The syllabubs they brought up;

That ev'ry one might sup,

Now I'll take off my cup,

Good ale is belov'd by all,

The great as well as the small:

Then here's to Arthur O'Bradly—O!

O rare Arthur O'Bradly!

O rare Arthur O'Bradly—O.

Good ale is belov'd by all, &c.

Young Arthur went out one day,

Met Dorothy by the way,

And took her by the hand,

Desiring her for to stand;

If you love your mother, love me,  
And love no other but me,  
For my name it is Arthur O'Bradly—O.

And I am O rare Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

The old woman screech'd and cry'd,  
And call'd her daughter aside ;  
What a foolish young girl are ye ?  
How can you so frolicsome be ?  
Scarce fifteen years of age,  
To rule a man's house and engage :  
Besides, you are not fit  
To keep an old man in his wit,  
And your not for Arthur O'Bradly—O.

For he's O poor Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

Young Arthur slept in by the bye,  
And stopt the old wife of her cry ;  
Oho' old woman, says he,  
I am as good as she,  
For if death my father should call,  
I shall be heir of all :  
His tackling and his looms,  
With a dozen of wooden spoons ;  
With three left-handed mittens,  
And an old curtain ring,  
A dozen of metal buttons  
Ty'd to an old leathern string ;  
With cocks and pails hail five,  
And a piece of an old bee-hive



Besides, was left in my lot,  
 My grandmother's mustard pot,  
 And chamber pot, as good  
 As ever was made of wood ;  
 And they are all for Arthur O'Bradly—O.

And I'm O rare Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

Then Goody took Arthur aside,  
 Gave Dorothy for his bride ;  
 Their eldest son to be heir,  
 They both did vow and declare.  
 The bride and bridegroom: slipt  
 To bed in haste they slipt,  
 The caudle and posset did go,  
 The maidens the stocking did throw :  
 While Dorothy soon cry'd, Oh—

O rare Arthur O'Bradly, &c.

Now Arthur has got a wife,  
 The like was never seen ;  
 She's mouth from ear to ear,  
 And her teeth as rotten's a pear ;  
 Her legs are bended so,  
 That a wheel-barrow thorough may go ;  
 With a hump upon her back,  
 Like to a pedlar's pack,  
 And a husband she has got,  
 And her name it is Draggie-tail'd Dorothy, O',  
 And she's O rare Draggie-tail'd Dorothy,  
 Wife to Arthur O'Bradly—O.

Good ale is belov'd by all, &c.

*The Surprise.*

THE tither morn, when I, forlorn,  
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,  
 I didna trow, I'd see my joe,  
 Beside me gin the glowming :  
 But he fu trig, lap o'er the rig,  
 And dawtingly did cheer me,  
 When I, whatreck, did least expect  
 To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajee,  
 Cock'd spruce when first he clasp'd me :  
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,  
 While in his grips he prefs'd me.  
 Diel tak' the war ! I late and ear'  
 Ha'e wish'd since Jack departed ;  
 But now as glad, I'm wi' my lad,  
 As shortfyne broken hearted.

Fu' aft' at e'en, wi' dancing keen,  
 When a' were blyth and merry,  
 I car'dna by, fae sad was I,  
 In absence o' my dearie :  
 But, praise be blest, my mind's at rest,  
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny,  
 At kirk and fair I'll be there ;  
 And be as canty's ony.



S O N G.

A Round the plains my heart has rov'd;  
The brown, the fair, my flames approv'd  
The pert, the proud, by turns have lov'd:  
And kindly fill'd my arms.

I danc'd, I fung, I talk'd, I toy'd;  
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd;  
And are the kind with kindness cloy'd,  
The coy resign'd her charms,

But now, alas! these days are done:  
The wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,  
Who, like a frightened bird, is flown,  
Yet leaves her image here.

O! could I, yet, her heart recall,  
Before her feet my pride would fall,  
And for her sake, forsaking all,  
Would fix for ever there.

*A Musical Interment.*

T HO' my features, I'm told,  
Are grown wrinkled and old,  
Dull wisdom I hate and detest;  
Not a wrinkle is there  
Which is furrow'd by care,  
And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys,  
 They renew my past joys,  
 Myself in my children I see :  
 While the comforts I find,  
 In the kingdom my mind,  
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,  
 Oh ! I caper'd and fung,  
 The lasses came flocking apace ;  
 But now turn'd to threescore,  
 I can do so no more ;  
 Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleasures we crack,  
 For we still love the smack,  
 And chuckle o'er what we have been ;  
 Yet why should we repine ?  
 You've had your's, I've had mine,  
 And now let our children begin.

*Sylvia.*

**S**YLVIA, Sylvia, Sylvia, one day,  
 She dress'd herself in man's array ;  
 With a brace of pistols by her side,  
 To meet her true love,  
 To meet her true love away did ride.

She met her true love on the plain,  
 And boldly made him there to stand;  
 Stand and deliver, she did cry,  
 Or else this moment you shall die.

This put her true love in surprise,  
 He knew her not, being in disguise:  
 She boldly made him there to stand,  
 And give gold and watch at her command.

When she had robb'd him of his store,  
 She said, Kind Sir, there's one thing more,  
 A diamond ring I see you have,  
 Deliver it, and your life I'll save.

My diamond ring a token were,  
 My life I'll lose before it I spare:  
 Being tender hearted like a dove,  
 She rode away from her true love.

As they walk'd in the garden green,  
 Where like true lovers they'd oft been,  
 He spy'd his watch hang by her clothes,  
 Which made him blush like any rose.

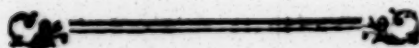
What blush you at, you silly thing!  
 I thought to get your diamond ring,  
 'Twas I that robb'd you on the plain,  
 So take your gold and watch again.

Then to the church they did repair,  
 Where those true lovers marry'd were :  
 Young Jamie, and his Sylvia gay,  
 In joy and mirth they spent the day.

*A Free Mason's Song.*

**L**ET Masonry from pole to pole  
 Her secret laws expand ;  
 Far as the mighty waters roll,  
 To wash remotest land !  
 That virtue has not left mankind,  
 Her social maxims prove ;  
 For stamp'd upon the mason's mind  
 Are unity and love.

Ascending to her native sky,  
 Let masonry increase ;  
 A glorious pillar rais'd on high,  
 Integrity its base.  
 Peace adds to olive-boughs entwin'd,  
 An emblematic dove ;  
 As stamp'd upon the mason's mind  
 Are unity and love.



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*TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.*

<b>T</b> HE KING	The beggar's bennison
The QUEEN	The land we live in
The Royal Family	Patience in adversity
Success to the Royal	Health and competen-
Navy	cy
The Friends of Govern-	Love and friendship
ment	The staff of life
The land of cakes	Decent economy
Peace and plenty	The female economist

May the brow of the brave never want a wreath  
 of laurel  
 May the lover of a glass never want a bottle  
 May we never envy the happiness of others  
 All that love can give, or sensibility enjoy  
 Supply to the purse of the chearful giver  
 May the enemies of the land of cakes never  
 break a farle of them  
 Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship  
 Every thing of Fortune but her instability  
 Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it  
 Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful  
 Friends and favourites, and favourite friends  
 May all honest souls find a friend in need  
 May we please and be pleased  
 Love in a cottage, and envy to none  
 May the single be married, and the married be  
 happy  
 Inclination to confer, and gratitude to remember  
 favours



Great men honest, and honest men great  
 Health, joy, and mutual love  
 May our joys multiply, and our cares decrease  
 Frugality without meanness  
 May real merit be rewarded in the arms of virtue  
 May the honest heart never feel distress  
 May genius and merit never want a friend  
 Pleasures that please on reflection  
 The circle of our female acquaintance  
 May they never want who have a spirit to spend  
 Provision to the unprovided  
 The hearts that sympathy unite may Hymen join  
 Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes  
 May we always have a friend, and know his value  
 The honest patriot, and unbiassed Briton  
 May we always forget when we forgive an injury  
 All our wants and wishes  
 May temptation never conquer virtue  
 More friends and less need of them  
 Friendship without interest, and love without deceit  
 Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste  
 The love of liberty, and liberty in love  
 May fortune be always an attendant on virtue  
 The heart that feels, and the hand that gives  
 Health in freedom, and content in bondage  
 Love without fear, and life without care  
 The pleasure of pleasing  
 May Pallas's shield protect whom Mars crowns

---

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*N. B. The Binder is desired to turn  
the two last leaves of letter F.*

